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HOPE DEFERRED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ELLA WHEELER.

The day drops o'er the mountain,
  To her gorgeous Western bed,
Pillows edged with golden laces,
  Sheets with purple, blue and red,
And the dusky night steals forward,
  With his sombre mantle on,
Grimly grasping orb and sceptre,
  That are his, until the dawn.

In my nook, beside the window
  That looks out upon the street,
I am sitting, love, and watching
  For the coming of your feet.
I have been so patient, darling,
  All these days and months and years,
But my heart is growing weary,
  And my eyes are dim with tears.

Last night I thought I heard you,
  And it made my soul rejoice,
'Twas the winds among the maples,
  But I thought it was your voice,
And again I sprang to meet you—
  Thought your step was at the door,
It was but the surging, beating
  Of the waves against the shore.

Oh come back, or send some message!
  Comfort me with line or word!
For my heart is faint and weary,
  Faint and sick with hope deferred.
I have been so patient, darling,
  All these days and months and years,
But my soul is full of shadows,
  And my brain is wild with fears.

BROWN JIM.

A Tale of the Sierra Nevada.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,
AUTHOR OF "SAVED BY HYDROPHOBIA," &c.

Far away in the gold fields of California there is a mining town that used to be known by the name of "Brown Jim's." It was originally located by a swarthy Missourian, who finding rich diggings on a flat near the Mokulonme river, built a shanty for himself and partner there, and was soon joined by a cluster of prospectors, who also discovering paying dirt, pitched their tents hard by.

Brown Jim, in honor of whom the settlement received its name, was a gaunt and rather grim-featured man, who had been a rover all his life, and not only endured the privation and discomforts of pioneer life, but took to them with a natural zest.

He had crossed the plains from Pike as his latest residence, but it was supposed that his original home had been somewhere in New England, because he retained and expressed a solemn reverence for Plymouth Rock. Still, as he never alluded to relatives or friends living there, and spoke unreservedly only of his Western career and life in Texas and Mexico, it was not much more than a surmise, and the incurious men around him took him for what he seemed, and were content to know him as Brown Jim, and nothing more.

He was a quiet man, stern without harshness, and although by an assumed and not very clearly defined right, he took it upon himself to read the law to the young and reckless miners around him, he was not without a show of kindness and a strong, active sympathy in cases of sickness or trouble among "the boys."

He had some unsocial whims, and never joined his companions in their cabins at games of cards, nor took part in any of their frolics, and yet he managed to keep himself pretty well informed of their proceedings, for if a squabble of any kind arose out of these pastimes he would almost instantly appear, and with the air of one in command settle the difficulty not, at all sparing the offenders. Every one acknowledged his right to judge and decide disputes, and he was a sort of court of appeal for all differences arising out of the close connection of claims and yields.

He was a determined enemy of drunkenness, and invariably thwarted every attempt to establish a saloon for drinking and gambling anywhere in the neighborhood of the Flat. He had one unanswerable argument against the folly of such indulgences.

"It don't pay anyhow," he said, "it aint good for you, nor your dust neither."

So "Brown Jim's" was a flourishing place owing to these peculiar views on the part of its founder. The greatest enemies that beset the path of the gold digger were chained there, and Brown Jim's cabin, which was always the bank of the diggings, held bags of dust awaiting the sailing of the monthly steamer to carry them to the mint from which they could be claimed in due time in the form of shining coin.

This was in the early days of California, when the hope of sudden fortunes to be gained sustained the toiling wanderers from home through privation and discomfort that can scarcely be conceived by those who have not endured them. During the summer, when there is neither cold nor rain, a cabin has its charms, and the inconveniences of tent life may be disregarded; but when the long wet days and nights of dreary winter

"WEDGED IN BETWEEN THE SHATTERED FLUME WORK AND THE SHORE THEY SAW THE DARK OUTLINE OF A GIGANTIC WAGON."

set in, and the heavy gloomy sky bends in leaden dullness over the chilled earth, it is poor shelter that a crazy hut affords, with canvas sides scarcely shedding the drenching streams that scatter on the roof. With such spare protection the man who works in the water all day must wrap himself in his blankets at night and take the earthen floor for his couch.

The winter of '52 and '53 set in with persistent rains, the Mokulonme soon swelled its yellow breadth from bank to bank, and carried away the sluices and flooded all the ditching. The miners were in despair, for their work and profits were at an end until repairs could be made, and the storms continuing and the water still rising, it was useless to attempt them for the present. Brown Jim gave them counsel in this time of uncertainty after his usual custom.

"They could do nothing with the river," he said, "because they couldn't stop the rain, so it wasn't worth while to try. If they took kindly to it there was no doubt it would work them well in the end, for the heavy banks they could not move by digging were loosening and would by-and-by come down, giving them the wet earth all ready for the cradle. Meantime there was plenty of lumber to spare, and let every one improve his quarters and make them comfortable against the storm.

Without more ado he set the example by embellishing his cabin with a dozen handy contrivances; making it snug and tidy for his own and his partner's comfort. Taking pattern, the rest of the boys left off fretting and cursing their luck, and went to work steadily on their own account, so that a good-humored bustle prevailed in all the shanties with much driving of nails, sawing of boards, and tacking up of calico. Floors were laid over the damp ground, seats and tables hammered into shape, and shelves suspended from the walls. The old kegs and barrel-heads were quite superceded, and an air of homely comfort that completely surprised the men themselves, began to be diffused around their coarse and hardy lives.

Meanwhile the storms succeeded each other with scarcely any interval, and the swollen Mokulonme became a mighty river, rushing off with all their woodwork and mining devices, as Samson broke the green withes and scattered them to the winds in token of his strength.

But busy and happy, the boys at the Bar were better able to bear the freaks of the weather than they had ever been before, and they began to respect Brown Jim's philosophy, when he assured them their improvements were just as good as money in their pockets, since they protected them from sickness which often followed exposure, and kept them from being idle, which was worse than any single trouble, since it bred them all.

Was there ever such a deluge since the first? Every day the storm opened in fresh vigor, and continued with unabated force—the rain came down like a tireless thing, the water lost its consciousness of boundary and wandered over the country in straggling pools, here deep, there shallow, as if it had risen to aid the mountain spirits in protecting their coveted treasures.

One thing "Brown Jim" had done much against the will of the miners, who looked on it as a useless waste of time then—but which they now rejoiced in as an instance of their own foresight and sagacity. When the rainy season first set in, a party of Digger Indians stopped at the Bar on their way to their camping grounds. They told the "old man," as he was sometimes called, that the winter promised to be unusually hard, the country would soon be flooded and the roads impassable, which was the reason they carried with them all the stores they could collect.

Brown Jim was willing to allow that these Aborigines knew more of the climate than a new-comer like himself—so he took counsel with them concerning the signs of the times, and made known the result to his companions.

"It is comin' on winter in real earnest, boys," he said, "and by all accounts we are likely to have a rouser. The Diggers predict a flood—and though we've got a pretty high perch up here on the old Mokulonme, and needn't mind a drop or two of water, it would be a mighty hard thing to have our grub cut off by the river breaking over the road, and no teams being able to get up here. As for me my mind's made up—'Granite State' and 'Nantucket' are going down for cradles and stuff to start a flume. I'm going to send a team or two to bring up flitch and flour, and things enough to see us through. What do you say to it, boys?"

Well, they said a variety of things, none of which was to exactly agree to the proposition—but, as usual, the old man's influence and example prevailed over their dislike to borrow trouble and their contempt for the Diggers, and two or three of the more enterprising of the settlement joined "Granite State" and "Nantucket" in their expedition to Stockton, returning with groaning loads of pork and meal, beans and molasses, just as the first heavy rain began to lay the dust and stir up the mud pretty thoroughly. Brown Jim did not exult in the success of his foresight, when a messenger from Pike's Camp, fifteen miles above, came over on horseback late in January, to beg a sack of flour to save the poor fellows at his flat from starving. The Stockton roads were overflowed, he said, and no nearer camp had more than enough to serve themselves. Brown Jim gave the provisions cheerfully, and his boys did the self-congratulations.

"You ought to have looked ahead as we did," they remarked to the Pike's Camper; "we laid in stores and feel easy, while you lazy chaps are about scairt to death."

The ambassador from the hungry settlement did not stop to bandy words, but with his sack of flour balanced by a flitch of bacon, and both strapped securely before him, gave a grateful cheer for Brown Jim's, and set off across the country like a man who realized the yearnings felt for his presence at home.

It was lucky he did, the miners said, for the next day the still rising river burst through an embankment on the lower flat, filling up an old gulch and overflowing the road, thus cutting off all communication with the nearest town.

"Brown Jim's" itself was better situated than most of its neighbors, the shanties were all built on an elevated plateau that used to have a gradual sweep towards the bed of the river, but the powerful water that now almost reached its bank had swept away the loose clay from the slope and left the settlement perched on a sort of promontory, with a dark background of redwood trees rising beyond. The whole face of the country seemed changed, yellow waves surged everywhere, and a familiar clump of trees that used to be several rods on the other side of the river, rose now like a leafy island from its muddy breast.

Brown Jim's partner was as unlike himself as it was possible for a man to be. He was a young and handsome fellow, with a fair, pleasant face, and gentle, refined manner, that not even his soubriquet of "Spunky Billy" could detract from. This title had been bestowed on him in consequence of his strange readiness to take offence on some points, that contrasted strangely with his amiability on others.

"Brown Jim" had met him a year or more before, just after the lad's arrival in the country, and it would seem from the extreme respect shown by the younger man to the older, that the meeting had been of some importance in the life of the youth thus taken under the care and protection of a faithful friend.

Spunky Billy accepted his inelegant title in perfect good humor, and lived in harmony with the Brown Jimites, except when some thoughtless new-comer would stumble against the jagged end of his nature, and be warned by a growl of the fierce temper held in check under the elder miner's influence.

One dreary night, after it had poured steadily all day, the rain slackened a little, and a man with a lantern and waterproof suit came with an invitation to Brown Jim and Billy to adjourn to a new completed establishment belonging to a gentleman known only in those parts as "Tunnel Bob." This habit of fitting miners to a characteristic appellation sinks their identity, and in somewise accounts for the totally different race they seem from the same class of men differently circumstanced.

Brown Jim, the originator of the improvements, was bound in duty to applaud their progress; so, yielding to the hospitable summons, he found a great tin-pan of hot fried cakes awaiting him, while the steam of coffee made fragrant the newly lined interior of Bob's cabin.

It was not a very spacious establishment, and all its wooden seats were required that night. Bob was both popular and hospitable, and his invitations were only limited by the inability of the company to get into the room. So it fell out that quite a party sat waiting for the coffee to be served, and talking of the disasters and death caused by the continuing storms, when suddenly a strange sound smote their ears, rising above the sighing of the wind. It was neither a shout nor a moan, but a mingling of both, and was followed by another and another of such terrible distinctness, that after pausing an instant to look inquiringly into each other's anxious faces, they started with one accord for the cabin door.

"Halloo," cried Brown Jim, "wait a bit, get your minds clear, boys; it can't be Skeer of Maine and Jack of Trumps, can it? They went down to look at the lower sluices, you know; get your lanterns quick, and all turn out to follow the direction of the sound."

In a few minutes Tunnel Bob—known by that name in consequence of the ability with which he conducted the first excavation ever made on the Bar—produced his lantern and waterproof, adding a coil or two of rope, while the young men each seized such lights as they could find, and made their way down the bank, trusting to the sound's being repeated as a guide. Once they heard it again, and this time it came weak and faint, but certainly from the river, towards which they redoubled their speed. Doors were opened and faces looked out of the cabins they passed, all inquiring the nature of the alarm.

Brown Jim's invariable reply was, "Somebody's in trouble; turn out, boys, on the chance of being able to help 'em." And so recruiting as they went, the party reached the shore.

It was very dark, and the water made a roaring sound as it washed round the projection near which they stood. The wind was blowing freely, and the trees on the upper bank answered its rushing moan with creaking boughs.

"The cries have ceased," said Brown Jim, "but I know it was people's voices, for I heard two of 'em plain enough. Lower your light, Tunnel, and let's see what that is that's stove in among the piles below there."

Brown Jim pointed downward, and every eye followed the descending light; it showed the broken remnants of their work, looking black and spectral in the straggling rays of the lantern, and wedged in between the shattered flume work and the shore they saw a large dark body, that in the shadowy gloom looked like a gigantic wagon.

"It's a team of some kind," cried Brown Jim, excitedly. "Why in the name of thunder did any mortal critters trust themselves in a wheeled concern on such roads as these!" Stooping down, he put his hands to his mouth. "Halloo," he cried, "is there anybody there? Halloo! halloo!"

He raised his voice to a shout, but no answering sound returned; and after a hasty consultation, "Spunky Billy" and a lad bearing the name of "Evergreen," being the lightest figures in the party, were lowered to the spot were the partially discerned object was, by means of ropes. It proved to be the body of a wagon, as Brown Jim had said, and there was a man's hat and a woman's shawl lying on the wet seat, but neither man nor woman could anywhere be seen.

"Look further down the river," cried their leader. "I heard voices, that I'll swear to; there's a little cove below that they may have floated into."

The place they stood on was a rocky projection from which had been washed away all the clay and small stones that could be detached by the force of the water; a little further down the course of the river changed slightly, leaving a little bend inland, to which the miner referred.

Some ran thither with lanterns, but the two who had been lowered to the wagon still prosecuted their search in that direction. Neither were successful in making any discovery for a time. The party from the cove returned to report that there was nothing but drift wood there; and uncertain what to do, they all stood considering the case, when a loud shout from Spunky Bill rang sharply through the wet and dismal night.

"What's up, my boy?" cried his partner, leaning forward breathlessly over the fitfully lighted scene below. A soft, wailing cry came up in answer, and the two adventurous spirits clambered to the bank by aid of the ropes, "Evergreen" preceding his friend, and landing his hand to aid him, for he bore a little child in his arms, swathed in wrappings, through which its wailing sounded faintly.

"The Lord have mercy on us," said Brown Jim in deep consternation, "it's a baby as sure as this is the rainy season! Why, Billy, where did you find it, and how did it brave the storm and live through all this dreadful weather?"

"It was swung up in a hammock to keep it out of the water," said the young man, breathlessly; "it is a dear little thing. Oh, boys, just see the pretty little hand it holds out."

The little creature, brought like a second Moses from an ark, struggled to throw the coverings off its face, and in so doing thrust a white plump hand into the rough long beard of Brown Jim, who bent in astonished interest over it. The rosy little fingers touched the mouth of the wild-looking miner, and his lips moved involuntarily at the contact.

They all crowded round, and Tunnel Bob holding the lantern, Spunky Billy in right of discovery, lifted the shawl from the child's face. It was a little girl, apparently something over a year old, with short rings of golden hair waving over her head, and a pair of the loveliest violet eyes that ever looked straight into a human heart.

The light held so close to her face dazzled her sight, she winked and turned her face away. It touched the old miner's blue flannel shirt, and seemed unconsciously to nestle there a moment, then seeming to take thought she turned and looked anxiously on all the strange faces around, became alarmed and wept.

A yearning compassion stirred in every soul, for the sound awoke loving memories of home and far-off scenes. It was not a fretful cry, but the soft, timid sobbing of bewildered doubt. It asked for pity and conveyed a strange consciousness of its own desolation in the moan.

The group of men who stood about her formed a strange picture as seen by the lanterns that showed wierdly in the heavy air. Their long beards and monstrous boots, their gay shirts and broad Peruvian hats gave them a grotesque effect as they bent forward, spell-bound by the little figure that appeared to come out of the past in each man's life, for the two great oceans they had crossed seemed to shut out such scenes in the far distance. The baby uttered one word, its only one.

"Mamma," it wailed, "mamma, mamma!"

A sudden moisture blinded Brown Jim's eyes.

"The Lord above help you, little one," he said. "She can't answer you now, but if she can hear or see us, let this thought give her spirit rest. We'll take you as if her dying hands had given you to us, and we'll try to do our duty by you according to our ways and means. Amen!"

He took off his hat and looked up reverently as he spoke; every man's eyes followed his, and each heart silently echoed the closing word in simple faith, as if the disembodied soul of the lost mother lingered to catch the sound.

"Take her up to the cabin, Billy," said his partner, "we must not give up the search yet; the poor souls have been starved out or washed out somewhere, and trusted themselves to float down in the wagon bed in hopes of finding help; they must have been drove in here, and then knocked out or slipped out in the darkness. The water has washed 'em furder down the river. Come, boys, we must get the raft and do our best with them grapplers, for there's hope yet; they may be stunned or fainting on the bank, or holding on somewhere. Come on, don't give up 'till there's nothing left to be done."

So they searched and searched all night long in the dreary darkness; for miles down the Mokulonme their lanterns gleamed and their rafts floated—but at daybreak, it being all in vain, they turned homeward, wet, muddy, and disheartened. Then they saw, just under the spot where they had stood the night before, the outline of a man's figure defined against the shelving rock, up which he had been striving to climb when the caving bank had given way and crushed him.

They dug him out, and with him the poor woman on whom the death hold with which he had grasped her was not yet relaxed. She had been drowned, dying easily for there were no signs of a death struggle about her quiet face. She was both young and pretty, much younger than her companion, whose appearance was so entirely disfigured that it could not be even guessed at, and only his iron-gray hair showed him to be her senior. He had been tall and muscular, dressed like a miner, and his large hands were hardened with toil like the rest of them.

Under Brown Jim's directions, they were carried up the Flat and placed beneath the shelter of a shed, where two rough coffins were soon in process of manufacture by "Carpenter," a young man who owed his name to his craft, and "Handy Dick," a Jack of all Trades, his assistant.

The baby lay asleep in Brown Jim's cabin, under the supervision of her two rescuers; and the old miner, accompanied by two or three of the most interested of his companions, leaving the simple preparations for the parents' funeral, stole up to take a look at its slumber. It lay in a cradle improvised out of an old leather trunk, lined with blankets, and swung from the centre beam of the ceiling, after the manner of a hammock, with stout ropes. A nurse sat on each side of this contrivance, on a stool, gravely touching it to keep up the motion and regarding the infant with looks of much interest and solemnity.

"Why, Billy, it's an invention, so it is—an invention that would do any man credit," remarked Brown Jim, much struck by the appearance of the child's couch; "keep it agoing and let us sit still a bit. The poor souls are found—their troubles are over; let's trust in God's mercy for 'em, and keep quiet awhile."

The better to enable himself to take advantage of this solemn opportunity for retrospect, Brown Jim lighted his pipe, and his two friends following his example, the smoke began to wreathe upward in the grave silence.

It was a mournful theme that their minds dwelt on—two poor struggling lives, perishing within the reach of aid; the pretty little child spared so strangely, sleeping before them all unconscious of its loss, and thrown into their wild lives a most incongruous, yet not unwelcome element.

The smoke arose in clouds, the two young men kept the hammock moving steadily, and the faces of the thinkers grew more grave. At length Brown Jim broke silence.

"We will consign them to the dust according to Scripture this afternoon," he said. "Evergreen can move his traps over here, and him and Billy can continue to take care of the child; them things don't fall out by chance nohow; Providence picked 'em out to find the child, and they've showed themselves equal to the position by rigging an everlasting nice cradle."

Nobody attempted to dispute either proposition; the two young men glanced at each other in surprise, but silently acknowledged the law of Brown Jim's will.

"Here's Carpenter and Handy," continued that potentate; "the job's done, and may the Lord have mercy on us all. I'll wash up, and then I'll bile some coffee. Billy made a night of corn dodgers last night, there's plenty for all if you turn to and slice some bacon."

After that community meal there was a grave dug away in the heart of the clump of red woods on the hill, and true to the time appointed Brown Jim marshalled his little settlement in a funeral procession. The rude coffin being borne away then on biers of boughs. With his prayer-book in his hand, and his head uncovered, the patriarchal miner headed the procession, and his untutored tones uttered the grand old promise of immortality, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord," as reverently as if he had worn a gown and been a learned man in holy orders. As the soft earth fell on the rough boards he lifted his eyes to heaven. "Dust to dust," it was said and done, and their souls had gone to God who gave them.

He continued looking upwards; the sky was clearing, and gleams of soft, tender blue shone through the rents of ragged clouds. His face was very solemn, and his brown-gray eyes were lighted with a holy faith. He glanced around him.

"Boys," he said, "there's to be no poker nor old sledge to-night, mind. You've all got Bibles, and you've all got hearts—compare 'em inwardly and keep quiet till morning. We've got a charge among us that we had better think over. Let's think it over to-night."

According to Brown Jim's mandate all games were suspended, and the whole Bar maintained a remarkably quiet and thoughtful demeanor that night. The child at the cabin was the subject of universal comment and speculation. It was a bright and merry little thing, and when its energetic nurses allowed it to awake, it soon became reconciled to its new position. At first it looked frightened and repeated the plaintive cry for "mamma," but Billy and Evergreen had devoted themselves so determinedly to its entertainment and delight, that it was not in the nature of mortal child to resist their merry devices. And being itself a pleasant little creature, it soon laughed away its own shy fears, and clapped its rosy hands and shouted happily.

It was a handsome, well-grown child, healthy and robust, which perhaps accounted for its good-humor and contentment. It soon distinguished Evergreen with peculiar favor, and being a girl, with miniature coquetry in every baby smile, soon laughed and played coyly but merrily with the delighted young miner.

The poor lad had never been remarkable for anything beyond an amiable nature and extreme innocence on all worldly subjects. His uncle—a sharp-sighted, keen-witted Yankee—had often been out of patience with him for the quality from which his named had been poetized, and was greatly amused at the way in which the lad had suddenly sprung into indispensable usefulness in relation to Brown Jim's charge. He washed and dressed her, curled the locks of gold that beautified her shapely head, and prepared her food with an intuitive knowledge of what was best suited to such a little creature. The old man laughed heartily at every fresh display of fitness for his new position.

"By Jove," he cried, "the chap ought to be put out to tend young 'uns, he'd make his fortune as it sure as he's born." But he would add confidently to Brown Jim that he was glad enough to see the poor fellow brighten up at anything, confessing that he had been "kind of dubious about there being much to brighten up in him afore he see him come out strong with the pickaninny."

But Evergreen did not in the least mind a bit of fun at his expense. There was no work to be done just then, and the little girl occupied the attention of the others, though none of them possessed the power of soothing or pleasing her so well as he did.

Billy claimed the privilege of rocking her to sleep, an art in which he excelled, accompanying the swaying motion of the cradle with chanted lays from Mother Goose, a species of poetry calculated to arrest the admiration of the baby's dawning intellect; this and romping with and tossing her up in his arms when she was awake, he considered his portion of the charge, and Brown Jim smoked and looked on with a musing face for the first few days after her strange advent among them.

The result of these cogitations he made known to a dozen or more who gathered in on the evening of the third day to take a peep at the sleeping novelty according to custom.

"Boys," said he, "there's two things to settle about this young un, and the sooner a thing's set straight, the sooner it runs along smooth. The first is, who does she belong to, and the next is, how will we get her some clothes."

The miners nodded their assent to the wisdom of both propositions, and waited to hear more.

"The first must be settled afore we tackle the second; so I say, the child's mine."

He uttered this in a sharp decided tone, and looked about him to see if any one would venture to demur. Every one kept quiet, but there was a glance or two of dissent from some of the older men which he did not fail to see.

He proceeded quite unmoved by it however.

"I say the child's mine, and now I'll give you my reasons for claiming her. You boys have either got wives at home, or yer bound to go home and marry. Yer only waiting to make you pile, and then good-by to California. That's all right, but it would be hard on the baby. No woman wants a strange young 'un brought home to her, and no young fellow wants such a stock in trade to marry on. I'm here, without any ties to draw me away, I hain't any one to consult, and when I say I'll take that child ye see lying there like a sleeping angel, I mean I'll stick to her till death parts us. She's all of yours to laugh with, and love and pet, but when yer scattered to the four winds of heaven where yer hopes and fortunes take ye, she's mine to stand by an eddicate, and do my level best to bring her up according to the ways of virtue and honor." He arose and going over to the swinging trunk, looked down on the sweet little folded rosebud—a strange expression that did not belong to his face—for no one before had ever seen such soft and tender beauty in Brown Jim's stern eyes—lingered there for a moment, and he said—

"Her name is Belle." They all rose and came near, looking down on the slumbering little beauty as if she had just received the rite of baptism.

"About the other question," said the adopted parent, "for I don't mean to be selfish, ye shall all have yer say, and help to bring her up while yer here. What's to be done about clothing her till the roads is free, and we can go down to Stockton and buy things?"

"Sure enough," said "Granite State," "Evergreen's uncle," "and we don't know that some of her folks won't come and claim her as soon as they know about the misfortune."

Brown Jim turned somewhat angrily on the speaker.

"We don't know for certain, but I say it's mighty unlikely. There wa'n't no papers about the old man, so we don't know his name. Like enough he was just arriv in the country, and as long as no fuss is made, we're free to keep the child."

"O, yes," said "Granite State." I was only a'posing that her folks might kinder like to have her."

"We was consulting about her clothin'," remarked the pioneer, waiving the question. "Yes, Evergreen, speak up, you've done yer share in nursing, and have a right to talk."

This permission arose from a blushing hesitation on the part of the nurse to express an idea that evidently struggled for utterance.

"You've got two new cross-barred shirts, and there's a bed spread that we found in the wagon, Billy and I could cut them up into the shape her things are made, and we might tack them up with that linen thread and darning needle that 'Tunnel' has."

"Now," said Brown Jim approvingly, "there's an idea for ye. I'll lay a fourpense, not one of ye thought of that before. Little Belle, ye'll be as fine as a tulip, so you shall. Rock her, Billy, my beard's too rough, and I've most woke her up."

So this was the way things were settled at Brown Jim's, and baby Belle became the child of the camp. While the waters were high, and all work suspended, the poor little creature stood a fair chance of being completely spoilt, but as spring advanced, and ditching carried off the floods, the fields opened so promisingly, that attention was distracted sufficiently to save her from the constant adulation of the miners. She could run about merrily in the cabin and about the door, but Brown Jim was determined that she should be carefully watched, and so prevailed with Granite State to allow Evergreen for a stated payment to cook for their mess, and remain in charge of the lovely little Belle.

Perhaps it was her out door life, and ceaseless exercise, but the child grew wonderfully, and was so bright and winning, that her absolute sway over the hearts of the rough fellows who flocked about her like so many slaves to her baby will was only natural. Evergreen and Billy were still favorites, but toward Brown Jim himself, she developed a strange fondness that the miners who loved her too well to be jealous, could only wonder at. She would clap her hands and shout joyously when he appeared, and nestled in his arms, pressing her lovely little face against his coarse, long beard so fondly that the brownish gray eyes of the miner would wink nervously to hide the tears that no one but baby Belle had the power to waken.

When the roads were open and inquiries could be carried from place to place, he caused the story of the orphan to be repeated and search made to discover if any remaining relations were left to claim her. It was a most reluctantly performed duty, however, and its ill success filled him with joy. All that he could learn was that a man answering the description he gave had been living at Blair's Ferry, and was now missing, though the woman and child were not recognized by any one. So he bought a variety of inappropriate things at the few stores in Stockton, and strapping the great bundle they made before him on his horse, rode back to Mokulonme with a strange satisfaction in being unable to hear tidings of the child's connections.

When she met him with her baby glee and fondness it melted his very soul, and he said to Billy in an unusual outburst of confidence, "I'm happier to-night than I've been in years, happier than I thought once I ever could be again."

Brown Jim said truly when he told the miners that they would scatter away when fortune favored them sufficiently. Before autumn came again so many had realized comparative fortunes and sold out their claims to go back to the "States," that the camp was full of new faces, and very few of the party who had helped to save little Belle from the cruel floods, now watched her busy plays around the cabin floor at her foster father's. She had been the recipient of so many parting gifts that the great safe where "Brown Jim" kept his and others' gold deposit was quite a museum of treasures, and gold manufactured into every conceivable form was lavished on her in mementoes of the affection of her departing friends.

Granite State, next to Brown Jim, was the most fortunate of all the miners; the ledge on which his claim lay proved so rich in its rocky veins, that the elated owner started with his wealth eastward, vowing that he would give Evergreen a chance at book learning now, for since the boy had performed such wonderful feats at the darning needle for little Belle's sake, he began to think there was something in him worth fetching out.

His nephew was loth to go; he clung to the baby, for whose sake he had essayed to sew, and Billy was such a friend that he felt desolate at the prospect of losing both at once; but "Brown Jim," whose word was law, said: "Ye've got a show now to make a man of yerself, ye've got the stuff in ye, and all that ye want is the right pattern. Don't make no mistake in that, and God bless ye, 'Evergreen,' my boy."

So they departed, nephew and uncle, to their native state, and said good-by to those they left behind with yearning hearts, neither knowing the proper names of the others, although with earnest friendliness they promised to write frequently of their health and welfare.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Anecdote of a Pet Dove.

The river Neva, on the banks and islands of which the city of St. Petersburg is built, often rises suddenly on the breaking-up of the ice in spring. Much peril consequently overtakes those whose homesteads are near enough to the river's banks to be endangered by the overwhelming force of the torrent, as well as by those floating blocks of ice whose destructive power is irresistible. During one of these sudden and terrific inundations, a striking incident was related to me as received from the truthful lips of an eye-witness. In one of the small tenements on the lower banks of the river, a lovely fair-haired girl, about eight or nine years old, dwelt with her parents, who were workers in hemp and flax. The child's greatest earthly treasure was a beautiful little dove, rescued from the hands of the destroyer, who had rudely torn away the parent bird from the nest; thus it had been nestled in her bosom and fed from her lips, and they became almost inseparable companions, except when the little Hilda accompanied her parents to church, or to market with their home spun goods, when, for greater safety, the bird was suspended from the ceiling in its quaint wicker dwelling, to await, with a flutter of delight, the little maid's returning footsteps; then the door of the cage was thrown open, and the dove flew joyfully to its usual perch or resting-place on Hilda's shoulder. Such possibly might have been their mutual position when the rush and roar of waters suddenly swept over their little dwelling, the force of the destructive element having no time for flight or escape in any shape. The child was soon seen struggling in the wild whirl of waters, whilst the dove, with expanded wings (which instinct would have taught her to use for flight and safety) hovered over her little protectoress, flattering around her with inexpressible alarm, now perching on her head or breast when she rose to the surface, and with her little beak making vain efforts to rescue the floating locks of silk-like hair borne backwards and forwards by the eddies of the torrent. When the fair young head was again engulphed, the dove plunged into the swelling waves after it, then rose with it again, until, nature's struggles exhausted, the loving little head, and the wet and weary wing, sunk, never to rise again, in the overwhelming water!—*Le Vicomte Le Saige de St. Jean.*

Rescue of Life by Swimming.

M. Farand, a member of the Board of Health of the city of Lyons, France, says: "The method which has most interested me is that performed by an Englishman named Hodgson, of Sunderland; and after having experimented on and developed it, I recommend it for its precision and efficacy. It consists in holding the drowning man by the hair, and turning him on his back. Then the saivor turns up rapidly with his face upward, places the head of the man on his breast, and thus swims to land. This method is so simple and easy that in an experiment which I had the pleasure of making this autumn with my friend Dr. B——n, I was able with ease to practice simultaneously the rescue of two persons motionless. One of them did not know how to swim, and that was a great difficulty, for he grew stiff with fear, lost the floating line, so important to aid us in advancing, and hindered me considerably by lying along my side like an immovable oar on the side of a boat."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUG. 26, 1871.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RECENT DISCUSSIONS IN SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND MORALS. By HERBERT SPENCER, author of "First Principles," "The Principles of Biology," etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. A volume of seven essays which are exceedingly valuable to all those who feel interested in the doctrines of Mr. Spencer's system of philosophy.

OLIVER TWIST AND CHRISTMAS STORIES. By CHARLES DICKENS. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank, John Leech and others. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

SARCHEDON: A Legend of the Great Queen. By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, author of "The Gladiators," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE SOWER'S REWARD. By the author of "Mary Powell." Complete and Unabridged. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

EDMOND DANTES. A Sequel to the "Count of Monte Cristo." By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

OLD AND NEW, for August, contains "Sorrento Papers," by Charles D. Warner; "Art and Nature," by J. F. Clarke; and other good essays and poems. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES, for July. Edited by ISAAC HAYS, M. D. Published by Henry C. Lea, Nos. 706 and 708 Sansom St., Philada.

AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR. Published by Geo. W. Childs, Philada.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, for July. American Edition. Contains "The Roman Empire," "Theism," "Hugh Miller," "Nonconformity and the Progress of Society," and other first-class papers and essays. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

THE GALAXY, for September, contains "Lady Judith," "Perpetual Motion," "Agricultural Labor at the South," etc. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

Correct Speaking.

We would advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of correct speaking and writing; and to abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live, the more difficult the language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim if neglected is, very properly, doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best of speakers and poets in the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show the weakness of vain ambition rather than the polish of an educated mind.

Court Breakfasts.

A correspondent thus speaks of Queen Victoria's court breakfasts in Buckingham Palace Park: "On these occasions the Queen walks about very smiling and chipper, with a white cap that looks like a French bonnet over her head, and the widow's weeds a thought lightened by a suspicion here and there of white lace or crape. The breakfasts take place in the afternoon at half-past four o'clock, and the ladies attend in a costume gotten up expressly for the occasion. They gossip and chatter in groups on the sward, while the gentlemen, in uniform and stars and garters, quiz them in a highly aristocratic way, or discuss politics in the arbors. The Princess of Wales, in particular, is very lively and popular on these occasions, and has a sprightly air which neither the well-known propriety and haughtiness of her royal mamma, or the indifference of her big bay husband seems to have dampened."

A Good Segar.

"The value of a good segar," said Bismarck, as he proceeded to light an excellent Havana, "is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance of getting another. At Koniggratz I had only one segar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole battle as a miser does his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colors in my mind the happy hour when I should enjoy it after the victory. But I had miscalculated my chances." "And what was the cause of your miscalculation?" "A poor dragoon. He lay helpless, with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found I had only gold, and that would be of no use to him. But stay—I had still my treasured segar. I lighted this for him, and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile. I never enjoyed a segar so much as that one I did not smoke."

CIRCASSIAN SLAVE DEALERS.—It is said that the most active dealers in the Circassian slave-market of Constantinople are women, many of them, too, of Circassian birth. Of these, the wife of the late Fuad Pasha was one of the most successful and notorious. A common, and generally a well-paying, speculation among them is to buy a Circassian female child of twelve years of age at about $1,000, teach her the Turkish language and a few feminine accomplishments, and sell her when sixteen years of age for $5,000.

Cleanliness.

A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced, and respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, in which none of the decencies of life are observed, contributes to make the inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of others; and the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal.

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ A young man who keeps a collection of locks of hair of his lady friends, calls them his hairbreadth escapes.

☞ A Long Branch letter says the little girls there hold their hands just like their mammas, "kangaroo style."

☞ An Illinois farm laborer was cut into ten pieces by a reaping machine.

☞ A Chicago boy hangs by one hand from a fifth story window, "just to scare the folks below." He succeeds in getting a crowd every time.

☞ The bloom of youth will fade away, the brightness of the eye will grow dim with age, but a miserable little corn will never pass away.

☞ A Memphis belle challenged a man to marry. He valiantly accepted, and in twenty minutes there was a wedding. In twenty days there was a divorce.

☞ No people under heaven can excel the Americans in the manly art of sitting on a bench and watching eighteen men play base ball.

☞ Mrs. Cady Stanton means to occupy the summer with some theological scientific studies on the origin of men and other evils.

☞ London has an Adam street, which is so named, Mr. Conway suggests, because the progenitor of the human race resided there when he lived in England.

☞ The day to pick your wife is Choosday. Wednes-day is the day to be married on, of course.

☞ Violet wood fans are the latest novelty. They are fragrant, are quaintly carved, and bear the owner's monogram.

☞ An Indiana man claims to have succeeded in playing a thorough confidence game upon the potato bugs. He planted a grain of corn in each potato hill, and as the corn came up first the bugs thought it was a cornfield and started for other scenes.

☞ In Iowa, a merchant sent a dunning letter to a man, who replied by return mail: "You say you are holding my note yet. That is all right—perfectly right. Just keep holding on to it, and if you find your hands slipping, spit on them and try it again. Yours affectionately."

☞ An exchange says old age is to be respected. That depends upon whether it is applied to the human race or to poultry.

☞ Question (to be asked of the lady you adore.)—"What has been the brightest idea of the whole season?"

Answer (to be told her in a confidential whisper.)—"Your eye-dear!"

☞ A lady at Long Branch was talking to a gentleman next to her at dinner, and becoming very animated, shook her small frisette of false curls in his soup plate. He remarked that it was the first time he had tasted hair soup.

☞ Alice Cary is said to have been engaged to Rufus W. Griswold twenty years ago. He will be remembered as a literary man of some reputation. He broke the engagement, and in 1857 died of a lingering disease, poor and alone. Miss Cary took care of him in his last days.

☞ PHOTOGRAPHER AND BABY.—The successful photographer's appeal to the baby: "Hi-yi! (Begins to dance.) Howdy dowdy! Diddle-a-ling-ling! Whopee! (Throws up his arms.) You! You! You! Bah-ah-h-h! (Scowls horribly.) See here! There! there! there! Ching chung! Ching chung! Ratty tat! tat! tat! (Demoniacal grin.) Teety-teety! Diddle! diddle! diddle! Boo! Boo! BOO! Oh, now! Look here! there! Dad! dad! dad! Sugar! sugar! sugar! sugar! Rickety-rickety-rickety! Ah-ah-ah! There! there!" (Rag falls. Artist perspires. Mamma delighted. *Picture excellent.*)

☞ The Apaches have a white captive who amuses them so greatly with comic songs and dances that they will not ransom him at any price.

☞ Horseflesh is too costly in some parts of Kentucky to become popular as an article of diet. Mr. John Harper, of that state, has refused $60,000 for his horse Longfellow—nearly five dollars for every ounce the brute weighs.

☞ Young lady physicians continue to multiply all over the country, and as a result, it is said, the young men are becoming more sickly than they used to be.

☞ At a Sunday-school in Ripon, a teacher asked a little boy if he knew what the expression of "sowing tares" meant. "Course I does," said he, pulling the seat of his little trowsers round to the front, "there's a tear my ma sewed; I tored it sliding down hill."

☞ "Bob, why the dickens don't you go to work, and not be such a vagabond?" "What, work before breakfast?" Well, work after breakfast, then." "Pshaw, it is only a little while before dinner." "Work, then, between your breakfast and dinner, and between dinner and supper." "No, I read in a doctor's book that it is unhealthy to work between meals."

☞ It is a curious fact that Scott, harmonious poet as he was, had no ear for music, unless it were that of a ballad, and he would repeat that horribly out of tune. He was, however, in tune with all humanity; as much so with a king as with the humblest of his subjects.

☞ Upwards of three thousand persons exist—they can hardly be said to live—in a single block of tenement houses near the Five Points in New York.

☞ The opinion has been expressed that one-half of the cases of cancer of the lip originate in the pressure of the stem of a tobacco pipe upon the lip.

☞ "The Knife and Fork is the name of a new gastronomical weekly journal to appear in London. It will lose half its value unless illustrated with plates.

☞ We should give as we receive—cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation, for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

☞ The first qualities wanted in all who deal with the education of children—Patience, self-control, and a youthful heart that remembers its own early days.

☞ Those who eat green corn need not wonder if their voices become husky.

☞ There were 225,000,000 paper collars "united" in this country last year.

☞ Two manners which are neglected as small things are often those which decide men for or against you.

☞ A new legal work is now in the press which it is anticipated will meet with an immense sale. It is entitled "Smith on the Evasion of Debts."

☞ An Iowa somnambulist eloped with a locomotive.

☞ What is a young girl's most charming quality? Tone which she does not know she possesses.

☞ Whatever you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.

☞ The destiny of any nation at any given time depends on the opinions of its young men under the age of five-and-twenty. —*Goethe.*

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A HAZARDOUS PROCEEDING.

Jasper Seaton had gone out shooting. He had been chafing, for the last few days, at the slow progress affairs were making, and he felt that he must have some outlet for his restrained feelings; and, perhaps, out-door exercise was as good as any.

He had been keeping up a sort of dissimulation which, diplomatist as he could be, was nevertheless irksome to him. He had been accustomed to have everything his own way, and to express his anger or annoyance openly; but now, if he were to accomplish the object for which he strove, it must be through a course of repression that was distasteful to him in the extreme.

To a certain extent, he had met with his reward. He stood in a very different position to Diana from that in which he had been heretofore. He had acquired a stronger influence over her—a steadier one—since he had brought her believe in his steadier and more concentrated purpose in life. The talent for which she had always given him credit appeared to her to be rising into a higher form; and, owing to some cause or other, he was progressing, even as she was attempting to do.

Jasper knew in what light she regarded him. He knew that no spark of love, such as he wished for, had been awakened in consequence of his efforts. He knew that the affection so openly accorded to him was nothing more than the affection of a petted, idolized child for an indulgent parent; and he neither blinded nor flattered himself. Still, he had gained a point. Her affection was no longer captious or dependent upon circumstances; it was constant, and not to be slightly shaken, and might, with time, grow into something deeper—since it was based upon respect, without which no love can remain satisfactory.

This was what Jasper calculated upon. If he had only sufficient time to compass his ends, to skilfully insinuate doubt, to rally John Carteret's boncat truth, and to raise misunderstanding, he believed that at the eleventh hour he might step in and win the prize he sought for. But it would take time; therefore, time was what he set his hopes upon.

And Jasper Seaton was a determined man. In spite of his slight form and delicate features, no keen observer could be in his company without perceiving it—without noticing the firm pressure of his lips; the clear, strong moulding of the chin; the concentration the restless eyes were capable of; or the nerve that could make itself visible whenever he chose to exert it.

Jasper Seaton had a certain amount of conscience as well as a certain want of principle, and he carried on his moral nature upon a sort of limited liability basis. He did not overtrade with his capital, and was very careful in keeping up a nice balance of the two elements brought into play; his amount of conscience not suffering him to do an actually dishonest deed; his want of principle leading him to apply very different rules to what was tangible and what was intangible.

He had to-day received a shock, and it had weighted one scale more heavily than he approved of; and, though not actually guilty himself, he nevertheless felt that he was in some measure accountable for it.

He had been in his mother's room, and had found her sorting letters; and, standing by, waiting until she should have finished, he observed that, as she turned them over, she started slightly as she noted one of them, and would have tossed it into the fire, but, missing her aim, the letter fell beside her.

Jasper picked it up.

"Put it into the fire, Jasper."

He was about to do so, when his eye caught the address; and he started more perceptibly than even his mother had done.

"It is for Diana."

Mrs. Seaton rose hastily, and before Jasper could prevent it, had regained the letter and had placed it on the fire, holding it down with the poker until it was consumed. He made an ineffectual effort to save it, but in vain; and Mrs. Seaton said—

"It is too late now, Jasper. What would Di think of a scorched letter a week old?"

Jasper's hand dropped.

"Mother!"

But Mrs. Seaton having destroyed the letter, lost any alarm that might have arisen in her mind about it. It was safe now—there was no danger to fear from it; and she said, quietly—

"It has gone now, and there is an end to it."

"But, mother, what will Di think?"

"Diana will never know anything about it, unless you tell her; which, I suppose, you are not likely to do," returned Mrs. Seaton.

Jasper Seaton had not calculated the strength of a weak woman's determination to carry out her wishes. He knew not that she had discovered his secret, and that in her blind love for him she would have sacrificed every principle, every right feeling, if by so doing she could serve him. Some there are who misname this infatuation, this animal instinct, maternal love; and perhaps Jasper Seaton was inclined to be of the number, for he felt a throb of surprised gratitude at his mother's partizanship.

"You must not do this again, mother," he said.

"I must help you, Jasper, in every way and any way. I cannot have you thwarted. I hate this Mr. Carteret, for your sake."

There is something almost more malicious in the hate of the weak than of the strong; and Mrs. Seaton's countenance expressed this so thoroughly, that Jasper looked half in dismay at this, to him, new phase in his mother's nature.

"I can do anything for you, Jasper," she said; "and I will."

"It is not necessary, mother—I can help myself."

"Though, how you can care for such a fiery little thing," continued Mrs. Seaton, "I cannot imagine. Still, I can manage to love her in time—if you do, Jasper."

For, in the excess of her consolation, she forgot the guard she had hitherto kept over her knowledge of Jasper's secret.

"Mother, how did you guess—how did you know this?" he asked, not seeking to deny it.

"Because I am your mother, and you my only son, whom I have watched from infancy, and whose life is more to me than my own. Jasper, I know every turn of your face, every glance of your eye, every tone of your voice. What has brought about this sudden love of yours, I do not know. I only know that it exists, and that you hate this Mr. Carteret, even as I do; and that you seek, even as I do, to put an end to the engagement."

Jasper was amazed. What had he done to cause his mother to suspect, to read so well his thoughts?

"Of course, you don't believe in this tale of Captain Standish's, any more than I do?"

"I don't know. I fear there is some mistake about it," he answered.

"Fear! there is no doubt of it. John Carteret is as true as steel. But Di's as proud as the fairy queen; and, if she thinks he is slighting her, she will show no sign, and it may produce an estrangement. One knows how capricious a woman is—how she will do the very thing from willfulness that her heart condemns, and how she will suffer before she will seek for an explanation."

"Mother!" was all Jasper could say. For though he had known how bound up in him was all his mother's love and ambition, yet to-day she came before him in a new character, as some such women will, whose whole being vibrates but to one string; and when that string is touched, their dormant energy, in all its strength, starts into life. This is, however, not often; for the greatest possibility, for either bad or good, is seldom called forth in any human being—and few know of what power they are possessed, simply because it is never brought into action.

Mrs. Seaton was an indolent woman. She had never known anything but wealth and ease, and had never had occasion to rouse herself from the sort of apathy into which she had fallen. She had had but one centre of attraction—her son; and everything that touched him, touched her. He was the medium through which all things became clear to her; and to all that was outside of him and his interests she paid but little attention.

"Have you—is this the first time—" began Jasper, hesitatingly.

But Mrs. Seaton, steady as an old conspirator, answered—

"This is the first that I have destroyed. I never thought of it before; but Di's not of age, and I don't see the least harm in keeping back letters that she had better not receive."

"You must not do it again," said Jasper, gently, but firmly. "Only legitimate means must be used."

"I wonder you don't use legitimate means, then, and put an end to the engagement, Jasper. You are her guardian, and have a legal right to do so."

Jasper shook his head.

"It would be worse than useless," he replied. "You don't understand Diana, mother, if you seriously counsel such a thing."

"What do you propose doing?"

"Not anything, exactly."

Mrs. Seaton shrugged her shoulders.

"And in the meantime, the grass will grow under your feet."

"Time is all I want. With time, and a little skillful management, all will go well. Opposition would be fatal. You must not stop another letter, mother—this must be the first and last. It will answer no purpose."

And Jasper left his mother, wondering at the sudden energy she had displayed, and annoyed at the method she had taken of showing it—annoyed, also, at her discovery of his feelings, which caused him in some way to feel as if participatory in the act of which she alone had been guilty. It lowered him. It was too tangible. There was nothing vague and shadowy about it, that might melt into the regions of casuistry. It was an act done that could never be undone, and—what was more—that must forever remain a secret between his mother and himself; thereby drawing tighter the bonds of complicity that already galled him. And this, combined with the restlessness that he had felt of late, made him more restless than ever. So he determined to take out the dogs, and, under the plea of shooting, to wear out mental activity through bodily exhaustion.

The keepers wondered at the tramp that Mr. Seaton was leading them. It was not his usual way, and he did not seem to care much about the sport, to the intense disgust of the dogs. However, when he brought his thoughts to bear upon the ostensible motive of his toil, he aimed with much better effect than he had done when on the shooting expedition with Charles Stanfield.

But the keepers—accustomed, as they expressed it, "to all sorts of vagaries" on the part of Mr. Seaton—made no comment. They nodded to each other, and followed in silence, as men who understood the humor of their master.

And so it happened that, in their rapid line of march, they arrived at the outer edge of the woods known by the name of Marshwood Beeches, not long before Diana and John Carteret were approaching it from the side nearest the village.

"The birds are asking to be shot, sir," said the foremost keeper, no longer able to restrain his feelings, which almost amounted to despair at the apathetic bearing of his master.

Jasper mechanically raised his gun, and fired; the keeper did the same; and the result was, that the two retrievers recovered their spirits, and fondly trusted that work was beginning in earnest.

So it was for awhile; for the deeper they went into the wood, the more truth there seemed to be in the keeper's declaration. Jasper's interest was somewhat aroused. The keepers and the dogs vigorously seconded his efforts, and the wood resounded with the report of their guns.

There might have been a lull in their operations as John Carteret and Diana drew near; at any rate, neither of them perceived the sounds—which were probably deadened by the wind's carrying them in an opposite direction. But, however that might be, the parties approached nearer and nearer to each other; and Jasper—endeavoring to make his way through a fencing of brushwood—suddenly perceived, not many yards distant from him, the man whom of all others he least desired or expected to see; and he knew by the look in Diana's upturned face that her soul was at rest.

So much labor, so far, lost. He felt unutterably sick at heart; and, had Diana turned at that moment, she would have seen leaning forward, a white, ghastly face, with all the agony of disappointment stamped upon it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. SEATON BECOMES ELOQUENT.

But Diana did not turn at that moment. She did not see the bitter frown that contracted the pale forehead—she did not see the quivering lip bitten till the blood came. She turned a moment later, startled by the report of a gun. She saw a flash—a white face disappear—and heard a heavy thud upon the slippery turf.

At once she knew all that had happened not vaguely, or merely surmised, but minutely detailed, it seemed to be. John Carteret—not seeing as she had seen, and hearing only the gun and Diana's piercing cry—wondered as he saw her dart through the brushwood fence, heedless of brier or thorn that tore her hands as she wrenched them aside; and following her, beheld her kneeling beside the motionless figure of Jasper Seaton.

"Oh, Jasper! Jasper!"

And as she spoke, she raised the drooping head and laid it in her lap.

"Oh, John! Oh, John! Can he be dead?"

John Carteret bent down; and as he did so, he accidentally touched the foot of the prostrate man, who gave a groan.

"Jasper," whispered Diana, "speak—are you hurt?"

And Jasper Seaton slowly opened his eyes. For the moment he remembered nothing, knew nothing but that Diana was with him, and that a strange powerlessness was upon him; and he looked up with a dreamy expression, as though he were scarcely conscious.

"Jasper, are you hurt?" she repeated.

And at her voice he seemed to rouse, and his whole expression changed to one that John Carteret saw could not mistake. Jasper had betrayed himself to his rival. But Diana was unconscious of it. She saw not as John Carteret saw; she read not as his heart read and answered back to Jasper's, even as face answereth to face in the deep waters. She saw but the protecting affection that had watched over her of late—that had seemed to care for all her troubles, all her interests, as though they had been his own.

And then Jasper's eyes fell upon John Carteret, and he closed them, and a half-groan burst from his lips. It might have been pain; for in a moment, as he tried to raise himself, he said—

"I am more hurt than I thought I was."

The keepers came up—strong, brawny men, capable of lifting as slender a form as Jasper Seaton's; but he could not bear to be moved.

"He's hurt pretty bad," said one of the men, aside to John Carteret. "The master does not give in for nothing. I'd better be off for the doctor; and he must be carried home, somehow."

"I think my leg must be broken," said Jasper Seaton. "The gun twisted in the boughs, and I fell over it as it discharged. Here—Benton—go—Di—Di—"

And overpowered by the increasing pain, he again sank back, half fainting.

"Oh, John! go—do something to get him home! You know all the people. I will stay with him. Make haste! Benton will stay with me."

And John Carteret departed.

It seemed hours before he returned again; and, during the time, Diana sat supporting Jasper Seaton's head, and watching every change that passed over his face, which was every now and then distorted with a sharp twitch of anguish. The keeper took off his own coat and placed it over him, without allowing it to touch the wounded limb; and Diana unfastened her shawl, and signed to the man to dispose it so as to keep Jasper warmer. She could not move to do it herself; but even the slight action of disengaging herself from its folds caused Jasper to unclose his eyes, and, seeing what was being done, he faintly remonstrated. But Diana did not heed him.

"You must not freeze, Jasper; and I am quite warm. "Poor Jasper!" she added, softly.

And so she waited and watched. And as she watched, she remembered all the kindness that Jasper had showered upon her; and she wondered whether, if he should die, the sense of ingratitude that had upriseen within her would ever leave her. If she had only repaid it better—he had done so much for her! What had she done for him? And every accusation that she could bring against herself was brought up as she sat there, not knowing whether the next moment might not bring death. For Diana had never seen illness or suffering of any kind.

Again she bent down and whispered—

"Poor Jasper!"

He slowly moved his lips, and murmured, "I am happy"—still forgetting aught but that she was beside him.

And a great awe fell upon Diana; for it seemed to her as the assurance of a departing spirit.

At last, John Carteret returned; and with him the doctor, and the necessary means for conveying Jasper Seaton home.

"You had better go on, Di, to Mrs. Seaton; and I will see that everything is done that can be."

"I do not like to leave him," answered Diana. "If he should die, and I should never speak to him again!"

"That is not likely," replied John Carteret. "It is better for you to go."

So Diana went. But Mrs. Seaton had already heard vague rumors of the accident, and Diana met her at the lodge gates with Dr. Crawford, who was vainly endeavoring to persuade her to go back to the house.

"My dear Mrs. Seaton," he began—but at that moment she caught sight of Diana.

"Where is he?" asked Mrs. Seaton, wildly. "Take me to him. He is dead, and you have come to tell me of it. I know he is dead, or you would not have come without him!"

"He is not dead," answered Diana. "They will bring him home as quickly as possible. He is being taken every care of. Mr. Carteret and the doctor are with him."

Mr. Carteret! And, even at that moment, when her heart was so full of her son, her hatred rose high against John Carteret. He was mixed up in all that was adverse and unfortunate.

"How did it happen?" asked Dr. Crawford.

"The gun went off. I don't know if it wounded him, or whether it was the fall; but I believe his leg is broken."

Dr. Crawford and Diana managed to get Mrs. Seaton to the house again; and, before long, Jasper was brought home, and laid upon his bed. It was found, upon examination, that his leg was broken in the fall; that the going off of the gun was occasioned by catching in the brushwood, and that the greater part of the charge had passed through the fleshy portion of his leg, only a few shots remaining to be extracted.

Dr. Crawford—who was something of an amateur in medical matters—stayed to assist the surgeon; and, in a reasonable time, Jasper was lying with his leg in splinters, a prisoner for some weeks, powerless to act against his adversary, and with the careful work of so many months apparently thrown away.

His mother—calmed by the assurance of the surgeon that there was no danger, and that, with time, Jasper would feel no bad effects from his accident—moved about the room in anxious desire to minister to his comfort; but the restlessness of his mind was so great, that there was danger of its bringing on fever and inflammation.

Mr. Seaton must be kept quite still; he must not be excited or contradicted, the surgeon had said—looking only to the physical; and he had recommended that Mrs. Seaton should be kept out of the room as much as possible, so that Jasper might be spared her useless lamentations.

But Jasper could not remain in solitude, with all the imaginations he conjured up, and the utter inability of himself to move a finger. He insisted upon having his mother with him, and no one else. He felt a curious reliance upon her, since her display of energy in the morning, that he had never felt before—an instinctive belief in her power of doing something to help him that he should never think of himself; and so Mrs. Seaton came. He had no need to explain himself to her; he simply said—

"Mr. Carteret is here?"

"Yes."

"With Di?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"She is showing him her new room."

Jasper smiled bitterly. The room he had taken such pains to make perfect!

"Well?" he said.

"Something must be done to prevent their being together," answered Mrs. Seaton.

She had become a strenuous partizan; and her determination rose with the adverse position in which matters were placed. She was one of those weak women who, when fairly roused, will stand at nothing; the end would, in her eyes, justify the means—that is, if she reasoned at all upon the subject.

She went straight to Diana's sitting-room, where she found John Carteret, looking graver and more anxious than she had expected to find him. Diana, on the contrary, had lost the distressed look that she had worn for so long; and though she was very quiet and much subdued by the trouble that had entered the house, Mrs. Seaton had no difficulty in reading in her eyes the joyful peace that had come into her heart.

But John Carteret, with the knowledge of Jasper Seaton's secret still fresh in his mind, was blinded so that he could not see it. Diana had been showing him, as Mrs. Seaton had said, all her new possessions—for Jasper had insisted that they should be possessions—the splendid piano, the books, the pictures. It was the most tastefully fitted-up room in the house; for in order to satisfy his conscience, Jasper had come to the decision of spending every year upon Diana and her fancies the sum that Anne de Mouline had desired she might possess. He would not rob her of it; but it would be dangerous to his interest if he placed it in her own hands.

John Carteret looked round the beautifully furnished apartment with strangely mingled feelings. Perhaps a little jealousy crept in, as his attention was called to object after object that spoke of Jasper's thoughtfulness.

"He would do anything for me, John. You must like him just a little, for my sake, for I have a sort of feeling that you don't properly appreciate him. You will try, will you not—especially now he is suffering so much?"

John Carteret could not give a very hearty assent to the request. He had seen what Diana had not seen, and he measured Jasper Seaton to himself. And thus measuring, he drew a comparison between himself and him. The two men—the one rich, the other poor—with their hearts set upon the one treasure. And *she*, with her love given to the poor one—was it well? was it right of him to take it, when a brighter lot lay at her feet? He took both her hands in his; he bent down, gazing earnestly into her face, to ask the same question that he had asked before, and she had not answered. But he did not ask it; for, instinctively, another question, born of his mingled thoughts, rose to his lips.

"And you like Mr. Seaton now, Di? You have quite changed your opinion of him?"

"Quite. He is quite different now. Some great change has come to him since Madame de Mouline's death."

And she looked steadily up, without a thought of what he might be thinking of.

At that moment Mrs. Seaton entered.

"Di, Jasper is so restless. I wish you would go and persuade him to be quiet and resigned. He always attends to what you say."

And Di slipped out of the room, and Mrs. Seaton and John Carteret were left together.

Mrs. Seaton had by no means considered the course of action she intended to adopt; therefore, she sat down by the fire, and gazed into it for a few moments.

"I am glad to hear that the doctor has so favorable an opinion of Mr. Seaton's state."

Mrs. Seaton rocked herself to and fro, without replying; and John Carteret tried to think of another remark—Mrs. Seaton's continued silence causing him to feel, as she wished him to do, in the way.

"I hope I am not keeping you from your son," said John Carteret, after another pause.

Still, Mrs. Seaton silently swayed herself backward and forward; and, after another uncomfortable pause, ejaculated—

"Poor Jasper!"

To which John Carteret felt there was nothing to reply.

Presently she, still gazing into the fire, said—

"Mr. Carteret, I am going to do rather an extraordinary thing. But I am a mother with an only son; and, with regard to the confidence I am about to repose in you, I shall ask that it may forever remain sacred between us. May I depend upon you?"

"Certainly."

"It may possibly explain much that has seemed odd in my conduct—capricious, uncourteous—that I think you will pardon when I tell it to you. When you became engaged to Diana, I did not know what I have since discovered—how deeply my son's affections were—"

John Carteret started.

"I do not think I have any right to hear this," he said.

"Pardon me," replied Mrs. Seaton. "When you have heard the favor I am going to ask, you will think it only reasonable that I should explain. I did not let Jasper know that I had discovered his secret; but it necessarily changed my feelings towards you—since you were unconsciously blighting the happiness of my only son—of now my only child."

Mrs. Seaton applied her handkerchief to her eyes; and John Carteret waited nervously for her next sentence.

"You have no cause for alarm," she went on. "My son has never, by word or deed, caused Diana to suspect this feeling; and never will, so long as your engagement lasts. Your engagement is likely to be a somewhat protracted one; and the favor I have to ask is, that you will always give me timely notice of your coming to Broadmead, and I will so contrive that Jasper shall be away. I think you can understand why I ask this, and will sympathize with my feelings in asking it."

"I do," answered John Carteret, gravely; "your wish shall be attended to."

"Thank you."

And Mrs. Seaton was sweeping out of the room, when, as she reached the door, she turned and said—

"Perhaps it is due to you to give you warning on all points. With regard to Diana, I believe her attachment to my son to be simply that which naturally exists between ward and trusted guardian. Whether this is likely to grow into anything deeper, it is not for me to say; you can judge as well as I what the danger may be of leaving Diana with us. She is young, she knows little of the world, and had had no thoughts of such things as marriage until you came here. You are her first love; and we know that first love is not always lasting. Perhaps my best advice to you would be to tell you to marry at once, since young girls are so apt to change their minds. I scarcely need add that I feel that my son will act as a generous and liberal guardian. He will never suffer Diana to want for anything. I love my son, Mr. Carteret. He is suffering mental torture now, and perhaps the sooner you put an end to it the better."

And Mrs. Seaton disappeared.

She was not a little astonished at her own powers of speechmaking. She had no idea she could speak so well. But her whole nature was aroused in Jasper's service, and she almost felt as though she could move heaven and earth for him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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A HIDDEN ARROW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY S. VIRGINIA BYRON.

O greenly flutter the beckoning leaves
To the nestling 'neath the sheltered eaves!
The breeze comes laden with wondrous words
Of the forest, old and grand;
Its dainty homes of singing birds
By the pleasant south wind fanned.
But the parent birds coo of danger there,
And sadly chirp: "Take care, take care."

Still the green leaves beckon and say:
"Come to our sylvan shades to-day."
Its farewell song the birdling sings
In the rosy morn's calm light;
There's a tremulous flutter of downy wings,
It joyously takes its flight,
But the glad notes of that parting song
On the cottage wall shall linger long.

Breathing an echo of dreary pain
The evening shadows come again;
Bringing back to the lonely nest
The truant bird—sad and unbidden—
Stains of blood on the quivering breast,
An arrow mark 'neath the soft wing hidden!
Back from branches waving high
It came to the sheltered eaves to die.

ALPINE PASS;

OR,

The Bridge of Death.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY SIDNEY GREY.

The soft, mellow moonlight stealing through the tangled vines that shaded the piazza attached to Judge Bruce's elegant mansion, revealed a lady and gentleman pacing up and down its smooth length. Like wraiths they seemed as they glided to and fro in the shadows, the lady's silvery laughter now and then filling the slumbrous air with music.

How lovely it was! All the indescribable allurements of a perfect summer night surrounded them—balmy airs, enchanting moonlight, distant music: and, close at hand, the delicious atmosphere of love, which made itself felt in the eloquent silences that, ever and anon, fell between them.

Ralph Meredith, the gentleman, was elegant looking and faultlessly attired. In appearance he was noteworthy, but not extraordinary. Below the medium in height, yet graceful and symmetrical in form, pale in complexion, and with long, wavy dark-brown hair. His peculiarity, after all, lay in his eyes. These were deep-brown, and in them dwelt a fascination that few were able to resist. It was evident that Elinor Bruce experienced this fascination and liked it!

She was of that type of beauty that no pen can truly and justly describe—a blue-eyed, golden-haired blonde—a woman to be honored among a thousand—a beauty whose peerlessness none could gainsay.

To-night, listening to the low, passionate words of her companion, her loveliness was intensified tenfold, and she seemed transfigured. Her hair fell in soft waves nearly to her waist, and in the dim moonlight looked like threads of gold; her eyes sparkled with a strange yet happy light, and her proud pale face wore a look that her lover had never seen there before.

At last, when near the centre of the piazza, they paused before a closed door. Ralph Meredith pushed it open, the act disclosed a lovely little boudoir, richly furnished, and lighted by an exquisite chandelier of silver, whose globes were half open lily buds of alabaster. Some of these were burning, and the light, soft and dim as that of a chancel at sunset, at once hid and revealed everything.

A soft, happy smile wreathed his face as he took from his pocket a lovely diamond ring, and slipped it on a finger of her delicate, shapely hand. There it glittered like a star upon a foreground of purest snow.

"In commemoration of our betrothal, dearest," he whispered, clasping the hand.

"O, Ralph! how beautiful! how exquisitely beautiful. Ah! you are—"

She stopped short. She had raised her hand aloft, and her eyes were fastened upon the ring with a steady, peculiar stare. For one moment her gaze seemed to devour it.

Then rudely freeing herself from his clasp, she wrenched the ring from her finger with a wild, fierce gesture, and dashed it violently to the floor.

Elinor! what is it? Are you mad?" cried her lover in an amazed, reproachful, yet tender tone.

She made no reply.

But a glance at her face filled him with vague terror. What a change a moment had wrought! All her beauty had fled, leaving only a vision of incarnate passion and pain. And she was suffering. Her pale face, her pallid lips, her woeful eyes told this.

In an agony of fear, Meredith turned to procure assistance, but a swift motion of the hand, an appealing glance from the eyes detained him.

"Please say nothing of this to my father—to—to—to any one," she faltered. "Trust me—trust me. I will explain all. Not to-night though."

"There is nothing to explain. I'll trust you, never fear. But, Elinor, you are ill, very, very ill. You must go to your room, love," said he, still alarmed.

"I am not so ill but that a walk through the grounds will restore me," she replied with feverish impatience. "Wait for me here. I'll rejoin you presently."

She glided past him as she spoke, ran swiftly down the marble steps, and in an instant was lost in the depths of greenery that everywhere surrounded them.

Once out of sight of his loving, watchful eyes, a demon seemed loosed in her soul.

"Father in heaven!" she murmured in wild despair, in tearless anguish, "my cross is too heavy to be borne. Happiness such as my soul and heart cries out for is within my reach, yet I dare not close my palm over it. Was ever woman so tormented—so tempted? But why endure it? The brook is not a hundred yards away; a plunge—a struggle—and my troubles would be over; my rest undisturbed."

On, on she fled. Down gravelled walks, under swaying green vines, over delicious flower-plots, crushing out their perfume—on—on.

Now a fairy-looking summer-house loomed up before her, a rustic building half-hidden by deep-hued roses and silvery clematis. Below it a brook lay, on the waters of which the rays of the moon fell goldenly.

Elinor Bruce paused here, the wild light still in her eyes, agony despair still shadowing her face. She glanced at the water. A strange hesitation had seized her. Self-destruction was a terrible thing, after all.

While she stood there, in this state of doubt and dread, suddenly, without warning or rustle, a man came out from the shrubbery and faced her.

He was a large, heavily built man, far past middle age, yet not lacking in bodily vigor or physical strength. His features might once have been handsome and expressive of mental power, but there was nothing active in the face now save the small, glittering, restless eyes. And whether from much thought or great dissipation, possibly the latter, many a wrinkle was sharply defined upon brow and temple.

His eyes gleamed, oh how exultantly! as they fell upon the woman. One word burst from him:

"Elinor!"

She shivered slightly. She averted her face.

"You spoke—you called me—what do you want?" said she, slowly.

"I want you, Elinor."

She staggered back.

"You are pitiless."

"I am what you have made me."

As he uttered these words, Elinor, by a supremely violent effort, revived her self-possession. She looked up, but with a calm face and unrevealing eyes.

"We will not quarrel, Elinor. I hardly expected to find you to-night. But I am very glad, for I think I can persuade you to go with me."

"Go with you! Where?"

"To California, or indeed anywhere beyond the pale of civilization."

A bitter and sorrowful passion swept over Elinor's brow.

"Why do you say this?"

"Not to frighten you, anyway."

"But I cannot—cannot."

"Elinor, this is folly. Will you listen to reason? I have a legal claim upon you—a claim you were once very willing to acknowledge. You are my wife, Elinor. A legalized minister made you so. I am not going to keep quiet any longer. Therefore, if you wish to avoid trouble and spare your father and friends mortification, you will do as I bid you."

Tone and manner were angry and menacing, but her reply was even more bitter and threatening.

"Would you ask me to follow the fortunes of one who has made himself a candidate for the state prison."

"Follow my fortunes, or take the consequences!"

His voice was low and hoarse with rage. A passionate and intense fury which his love—he really loved this woman—and the habitual breeding of years, had compelled him to suppress, now bid fair to completely master him. He had actually raised his hand. It was clenched in his mad anger.

"You are heartless, you are cruel," Elinor said.

Her eyes were fixed vacantly on the ground at her feet. Yet she was thinking profoundly.

"I am neither," he answered, bitterly. "But you are mine, and I will have you."

As he ceased speaking, Elinor suddenly raised her head.

Kirk Stoneleigh recoiled involuntarily. Never had he in all the desperate phases of his reckless, wicked life, seen such an expression on a mortal face as hers wore. It was not hate nor love; it was not hope or despair. The woman before him seemed to have passed beyond all these. The dead, frozen face of some shipwrecked wanderer, as it stares blindly upward to an Arctic moon upon some ice-bound shore, might look as hers did that night—no other could.

When she spoke, which was after the lapse of moments, her voice had a hard, metallic ring, as if all the music had been suddenly swept out of it. She only said—

"Kirk Stoneleigh, I will go with you. Only don't ask me to love you; for I hate you! hate you!"

Long afterwards he remembered these words, and the look that accompanied them!

Elinor had met this man while attending school in a distant city. She was young and romantic; she knew absolutely nothing of the ways of the world. He completely captivated her fancy; she imagined she loved him; a clandestine marriage was the result. When it was too late she found out the true character of the man she had promised to "love, honor, and obey." She discovered that he was a villain, a gambler, and perhaps worse. The shock almost killed her. Henceforth her life must be burdened with a terrible secret—a secret which she kept until it became unendurable, when goaded by his threats, she put all thoughts of happiness aside, and went with him into a strange, reckless life.

When Ralph Meredith became fully assured that Elinor Bruce had actually disappeared, leaving nothing behind to remind him of her love, he consecrated his life to one object—that object was to discover her.

He had but one clue. This was the ring—the betrothal ring—which had excited Elinor so strangely that eventful night. Ralph carried it to the jeweler from whom he purchased it, and learned that it had been pawned by a gentleman who had failed to redeem it at the time agreed on. But the jeweler knew nothing further; he could not even describe the original owner. So Ralph was forced to seek elsewhere for information. But he did not despair. The search still went on. At last he was successful.

It was near the close of a dreary day in autumn, nearly six months after her disappearance, that he joined a party of emigrants, who with heavy lumbering wagons, had all day toiled across the bleak, wind-swept prairie, stopping only to rest when the sun sank below the horizon, and darkness impeded further progress. Then came recreation. Gathered around the blazing fire, with songs, and stories, and pleasant jests, time passed swiftly enough.

One of the men was relating an incident that had occurred on the route that day:

"I stopped for a drink of water at a little cabin which squats forlornly at the foot of the mountain—"

"What then?" asked Meredith—to whom these remarks were principally addressed—as the narrator paused.

"I went up to the door and rapped. 'Who's there?' said a voice from within. Briefly I explained my mission. Then the rude door swung slowly open, and a woman stood on the threshold. A woman lovely as a picture, but oh! with such a sad, miserable look in her big black eyes. She looked at me closely; but she never spoke. Was she dumb, think you? May-be she was. All day her face haunted me. Being something of an artist, I drew an outline of it as I rode slowly along. It's a daub, I admit, still it resembles her in a measure."

As he spoke he handed Meredith a picture rudely drawn on a bit of card-board.

Strong man as Meredith was his eyes grew moist and his frame shook as he took it in his trembling fingers, and recognized the well-known features of Elinor Bruce!

A few moments later he was dashing over the prairie at as great a speed as the darkness would admit of toward the wretched hut that contained the woman he loved. No definite plan had as yet entered his mind respecting the course he would pursue when he reached the cabin and beheld the object of his affection. He had no idea of the true state of affairs. What brought her there he could not conjecture. He could not guess her dark secret; never did he attribute her sudden mysterious flight to the proper cause. It was well perhaps that he did not.

Dawn was breaking over the rolling prairies in a stream of perfect golden light as he drew near the cot. An oppressive silence surrounded it—a silence full of vague calamities—danger. He flung himself from the saddle, and, approaching the closed door, knocked with a hand that trembled. There was no reply. Only a hollow echo responded to the summons. At last he raised the latch and entered.

No wonder he started with nervous horror at the awful scene before him!

At his feet, in a pool of blood, a dead man lay; his hands were clenched, and a look of intense hatred seemed frozen on his pallid features. Beyond him, in the centre of the dim and shadow-haunted room, upon a rude couch of furs, lay a form, a dark shape, outlined with softest light. It was Elinor, she, who of all others, was to him the incarnation of the deepest earthly anguish, and the highest earthly joy. No pall covered her, no shroud enwrapped her, but the folds of her crimson dress threw a pallor surpassing even that of death over the serene face.

Meredith beheld all this with an infinite horror and pity thrilling his heart. He turned away at last, and was moving, in a dumb sort of way toward the door, when his attention was attracted by a sheet of closely-written paper, lying upon a small pine table beside him. Almost unconsciously his eyes followed the crooked lines; and, in a little while, he sank into a rude seat beside the table, while some low and hurried exclamation of surprise escaped him.

"The woman in yon corner," the paper read, "is a suicide. You do not believe the brilliant beauty, Elinor Bruce, would take her own life. But she did. And no wonder! It was not until some months after our secret marriage that I persuaded her to fly with me to this isolated place; and although I then knew that I was utterly indifferent to her, I did not know that she dared to love another. Need I say that I was not long in finding this to be the case? Urgent business one day called me to St. Mary's, a little trading post beyond the mountain. It was my custom to go by way of Alpine Pass, which was a bridle path or deviation from the main road, and nearer by twenty miles. It had not been travelled for some years owing to dangerous crossings on the route, and, indeed, one place in particular where a wooden bridge spanned a fearful abyss, was justly called the bridge of death; for more than one unfortunate traveller had fallen over it into the raging water below. Now, however, this bridge was repaired and considered comparatively safe. A journey by this route occupied a day.

"As I sprang into the saddle preparatory to setting out, Elinor stood in the doorway. Just then an Indian woman strolled into the yard. In her hand she carried a beautiful crimson silk scarf, which she desired Elinor to buy. It struck me then that I had seen that scarf before, and the question rose in my mind, 'Where?' 'On Elinor Bruce's fair shoulders,' memory answered.

"The Indian woman corroborated this. She said, on being questioned, that a white brave had lost it on the prairie. I knew that the white brave was Ralph Meredith. Elinor bought it!

"As I rode away, I noticed she was pressing it convulsively to her bosom.

"It was late that night when I turned my steps homeward. A friend, whom I had met at the trading post, accompanied me. Pretty soon we reached the 'Bridge of Death.'

"'Let me cross first,' said my companion, gayly; and he spurred his horse on the planks.

"'Be careful,' I cautioned; but my warning was lost in a shriek of fiercest agony, as horse and rider plunged into darkness and instant death below. The suddenness of this terrible tragedy paralyzed me for a time. Then, by a supremely violent effort, I recovered my composure, dismounted and approached the abyss. As I did so, the dim light of the moon disclosed a woman on the opposite side moving slowly off. It was Elinor. I called to her excitedly, and she turned around. One moment she stood there motionless as a statue; one moment she gazed fixedly at me; then, with a cry that yet rings in my ears, she disappeared. She had hoped to destroy me—you know the rest.

"When I reached the cabin I found her dead! She had committed suicide. A dagger was buried to the hilt in her side. She had struck the blow with such force and precision, that death must have been instantaneous.

"As for me, I follow her example. I loved her. Life without her is not worth the having."

Saying "Hateful" Things.

What a strange disposition is that which leads people to say "hateful" things for the mere pleasure of saying them. You are never safe with such a person. When you have done your best to please, and are feeling very kindly and pleasantly, out will pop some underhand stab which you alone can comprehend—a sneer which is masked, but which is too well aimed to be misunderstood. It may be at your person, your mental feeling, your foolish habits of thought, or some little secret opinions confessed in a moment of genuine confidence. It matters not how sacred it may be to you, he will have his fling at it; and since the wish is to make you suffer, he is all the happier the nearer he touches your heart. Just half a dozen words, only for the pleasure of seeing a cheek flush, an eye lose its brightness, only spoken because he is afraid you are too happy or too conceited. Yet they are worse than so many blows. How many sleepless nights have such mean attacks caused tender-hearted men. How after them one awakes with aching eyes and head, to remember that speech before everything—that bright, sharp, well-aimed needle of a speech that probed the very centre of your soul.

EVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY GIPSY WILDE.

Ever and ever the world goes round,
Bearing its burdens and crosses;
Ever and ever the years roll on,
With their tide of sorrows and losses.
Ever and ever the book of life
Bears upon its pages
The weary, weary lay of the heart,
Sung through all the ages.

Ever and ever with outstretched hands,
We grasp for a golden morrow;
Ever and ever the billows of time
Are freighted with bitter sorrow.
Ever and ever the lips smile on,
That the world may walk in blindness;
Little they know of the heart's wild woe,
When the face looks but with kindness.

Ever and ever the shadows fall
Over the golden noons;
Ever a gleam from Paradise,
Lightens our cares and crosses.
Ever and ever the morning dawns
On hopes that are breathed in gladness;
Ever and ever the night brings in
Its tide of bitter sadness.

Ever and ever the eye of God
Looketh upon us with pity;
And ever the light is shown to us,
That gleams from the Golden City.

THE MAD FERRYMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY BURR THORNBURY.

The following adventure, both serious and ludicrous, was related to me several years ago by a friend:—

"One fine May morning," he commenced, "having occasion to leave the city on some legal business," (he was a lawyer by profession,) "I took the early train for A——, a station on the Delaware Valley Railroad. My destination was the house of my client in a certain case, situated just across the river in Pennsylvania. There was no bridge at the station, and passengers were conveyed to the opposite shore in a small boat, usually waiting the arrival of the train. The Asylum of the State of New Jersey for the Insane, is located here—in fact, for the accommodation chiefly of that Institution do the trains stop, there being no village at the point.

"I arrived in good time at the well-known station—I had often been over the route before—and being somewhat in a hurry, descended the river bank to the boat at once, not waiting to see if I had any fellow passengers. The boat was ready and the carsman waiting the appearance of those who might desire to cross.

"'Step to the stern of the boat, please,' he said; 'no other passengers this morning.'

"I took my seat, hardly looking at the fellow, but rather at the green banks of the stream and the glancing waters, struck by the clear morning sunbeams, and rippling and glimmering in the most bewildering manner. I felt the soft flow of the awakening wind, inhaled the delicious air, and was oblivious for a time to almost everything else. The boat had been pushed off, and we were making good progress, as I thought, toward the opposite shore. At last I dropped my contemplation of natural objects, and turned to address a few words to the ferryman. At the same moment I heard a voice call from the bank we had just left. Two or three persons stood there shouting and gesticulating apparently to us. Had they been left behind?

"I suggested to the carsman that he had been too prompt in putting off. He made no answer, except to smile in a rather peculiar manner.

"We had now reached the middle of the river, when suddenly turning the bow of the boat he headed down stream.

"'What do you mean by that?' I demanded, with some indignation.

"'For men may come and men may go,
But I row on forever,'

was the astonishing reply, in the slightly altered words of Tennyson.

"'Heavens!' I exclaimed, 'the man is mad!'

"The idea of a ferryman acting in that way and quoting Tennyson! I looked at him in astonishment and rising alarm. He returned my gaze with one of the most satisfied smiles I have ever witnessed, all the while plying the oars. Assisted by the current, we were making excellent progress in a direction I did not care to go. The man was evidently deranged, escaped, no doubt, from the Asylum near by; and I had been stupid enough to place myself in his power. What a predicament for a dignified professional man. I felt like laughing and swearing; I was both mortified and alarmed. What if the fellow should change his peaceful mood, and conclude to throw me overboard. He was a powerful person, and a struggle in that frail boat, on that small and rocking area, would surely result in my being precipitated into the water. There I would drown as surely as if I had been bound, for I could swim no more than a crow—bar. I knew how incorrigible lunatics are, but I thought I would try persuasion.

"'This is very pleasant,' said I, with a most melancholy attempt at pardonable hypocrisy, 'but suppose you put in to shore and rest yourself awhile.'

"My tones were intended to be unconcerned and collected, but I fear there was quite too much tremor in them.

"'For men may come and men may go,
But I row on forever;'

was the only reply to my suggestion.

"'And so he will row on forever,' I thought, in despair, unless I devise some means of stopping him. We would soon be under Trenton bridge. I felt so enraged and mortified at my position and the delay, that I could have tossed the fellow overboard had I possessed the physical strength. I am sure I had the will.

"Those on shore I felt sure, having discovered us, would endeavor to aid me, but how was it to be done? If my own safety was to be considered, my poetical carsmen would rather have the advantage over his would-be captors.

"I determined to try strategy.

"'My friend,' I began in the most natural tone of voice I could command; and by a mighty effort, feeling how much depended on the success of my attempted deception, I did pretty well. 'My friend, I would like to go on with you forever, but I always liked to row when in a boat. Will you yield the oars to me for a time?'

"All this was very seductive, but he seemed quite disinclined to give them up. He said nothing, though he listened with smiling attention to my words. The same look of unbounded satisfaction was on his face, and he looked as happy as any lover with his sweetheart on a moonlight lake.

"'Well, then,' I continued, 'yonder is a boat; let us stop a moment and secure it, and then we can both use the oars. Oh! this beautiful river!' I exclaimed, thinking I would affect his own sweet mood; 'how pleasant to float down it forever!'

"He was quite overcome, and could not refuse me my already expressed wish. To my joy he pulled in toward the Pennsylvania shore, where, just above Morrisville, a boat was drawn up with the bow on the sand.

"The moment our boat touched the shore, my strange companion sprang out to push off the other. It was not fastened, and had apparently been left only for the moment.

"The instant the man touched the land, I snatched one of the oars of our boat, threw it into the river, and then with a tremendous leap, never equalled before or since, sprang ashore, and rushed up the bank of the stream toward the village. My ferryman seeing this unfaithful action on my part, attempted to pursue me, but at this moment a party of men having witnessed our strange conduct, started toward us, whereupon my pursuer turned and hastened to his boat, with the intention of again putting off. He snatched an oar from the other boat, but it would not fit, and instantly the men were upon him.

"After a struggle he was overpowered, and looking reproachfully at me, evidently deeply hurt at the cruel part I had taken against him, he was conveyed across the bridge to the asylum, where he belonged, having escaped that very morning.

"As for me I soon found a conveyance that took me to the house of my friend, arriving an hour and a half later than I had expected to when I left the city. It was rather awkward to explain the reason of my delay, but I knew everybody would find it out, and so I thought I might as well tell the story at once. When crossing at that ferry afterward, I always looked closely at the boatmen."

PRACTICAL NOTES

FOR

FUTURE CALIFORNIA TOURISTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY A LADY.

No. 3.

The day following our arrival in Salt Lake City, we took a carriage and started out sight-seeing. During the drive we gathered much information from our driver, who was a Mormon and thoroughly informed upon the faith he professed. We listened to the answers given to the multiplicity of questions asked, without entering into argument—our experience teaching it is the surest method of getting at the truth. He had lately married his second wife, and upon my remarking that my husband felt that one was as much as he could support, replied, "Ah! Mormon wives are not brought up as you are, and have not as many wants; we are a poorer class of people." I asked him how wife No. 1 fancied wife No. 2 being brought home. The answer was, "She is a good Mormon, and it is her faith that it is the true life." But, I replied, human nature is alike in all places. Now, when you said to her, "My dear, I feel called upon to take another wife," did not a cloud come over her face?—did not her heart rebel? He answered, "Well, yes, at first it was a little hard, but then she is a *good Mormon*." How often we hear of submission through faith! This is one more instance.

We visited the museum, where they are collecting curiosities for their entertainment, and they have lately added a menagerie to it. Should your time be limited, you may pass by, however, and feel you have not lost much by not calling in and contributing to the funds of the museum.

The Tabernacle is an important point—the roof reminded me of a huge turtle. This building is 250 feet from east to west, by 150 in width, supported by 40 columns of cut sandstone. The guide informed us he had seen 14,500 persons seated in it. There are no pews, but row after row of plain, unpainted seats. You will notice round holes in the ceiling, placed at regular distances. My curiosity led me to inquire their use, and I was told they were left for the purpose of cleaning or repairing. The immensity of the ceiling would require many men and much time to clean it, and now one man and a boy could do it by letting a rope down through these holes, working on a small space, and then changing the rope. It is an original idea of their President, Young. His theatre is also arranged in this way, and they said others were copying his idea.

If you can make it convenient to pass Sunday here, you will enjoy hearing the grand organ, which is second in size in America. It was built by a Mormon, and was the work of four years. You may, perhaps, hear a sermon from Brigham also, though it is not a certainty, as I understand he only honors his congregations at times convenient to himself.

Seeing Camp Douglass in the distance, we directed our driver to call there, but at his suggestion, stopped on the way at the Hot Springs, where we enjoyed a fine bath. The usual temperature of these springs is 102 degrees; they are freely patronized, and considered very beneficial for invalids.

Give the sunset hour to Camp Douglass, that you may fully enjoy it. It is located on the rising upland at the base of the mountains, and overlooks the city. Our visit there is a delightful memory. Seated on the porch of the cottage occupied by one of the officers and his family, his little bright-eyed three-year-old dabbling in the running stream that passed the door, irrigating their garden, we listened to the music of the band, and watched the men on dress parade. Down in the valley, surrounded by green foliage, nestled the Mormon homes; between lay the Jordan river; beyond, the great Salt Lake; yet farther, forming a background, were the mountains, behind which the sun was sinking, and with its going tinting all around us with its gold and crimson light. The sunsets at Salt Lake seemed to me particularly beautiful, and the officers and men stationed at Camp Douglass, if lovers of nature, have much to enjoy from them.

The evening of the same day we visited the theatre, not so much to see the play on

the stage as off. It is the largest theatre west of the Rocky Mountains, but very plain in the furnishing. Having no gas it seems dimly lighted. As there is no display of dressing among the audience there is no complaints made on that ground. By-the-way this matter of dress must eventually bring discord into their midst—the railroad brings worldly people among them, and their wives and daughters will be contaminated. Ye ladies who visit them have mercy on the pockets of the possessors of ten, fifteen, or thirty wives! They all looked clean and neat—but, oh! shocking, such style! I saw fifteen Misses Youngs, all about the same age and size. They came in a few at a time, taking their seats on the left of the stage, the place allotted to them. There must have been twenty-five daughters from six to sixteen years of age; only two sons represented the male portion of the family. Brigham entered in company with one of his elders, and without removing his felt hat, carelessly dropped on a lounge, his special seat being at the right of the stage. A proscenium box is allotted to his wives; five occupied it the evening we were there. We were told they were sixteen in number, though a Mormon said he did not think any one really knew how many he had. There were very many children present, and it was noticeable to see their familiar manner. They would run in alone, and go to their places as they would in school.

Some performers object to taking engagements at this theatre, for Brigham reserves so many seats for himself and family, that it is not as profitable to the actors. After the performance I was interested to see how the different men would wait upon their wives and children home. I soon found they strayed home as they came, every one for herself and her own brood.

The next morning we had an engagement with one of the elders of the church and the husband of four wives, to call on President Young. Etiquette does not require an elegant toilette before being presented, therefore you need not hesitate. I quite enjoyed the novelty of not having to need appearance. I found that a percale which I used for a breakfast dress at home, with a lace shawl and light gloves was quite elegant enough for the occasion. I must acknowledge, however, that I was startled on my return, after having flourished my "mouchoir" rather conspicuously, to find in the centre a large hole that some envious moose had gnawed that my pride might be humbled—and it was my fate to carry that identical handkerchief to add effect to my toilet on this important visit.

We found Brigham giving audience to two white men and four Indians. He shook hands on being presented, and as I was the only lady present, handed me a chair, placing another by my side which he occupied. He was quite affable, though his manner is intensely dignified. He is a fine-looking man for his years; is quite large and strongly built, but not at all an intellectual looking man; though the results brought about through his influence, prove him a man of ability. Upon leaving, he waited on us to the door. He is constantly receiving callers, and no one accustomed to society requires telling it is well not to trespass too long upon his time.

Upon leaving we saw his Indian guests sitting on the curb outside, holding a conversation among themselves. They had left the room soon after our entrance, without the slightest sign of acknowledgment to any one.

We left Salt Lake at six o'clock the same evening, having seen and heard much from both Gentile and Mormon of the effects of this faith. I am satisfied there can be but little happiness for those of my sex who believe in it.

I however met one bright-eyed woman who was perfectly happy just at this time. She and I had a long talk. She asked if I was a Mormon, I told her no. She had a baby in her arms, and said she was a third wife. They all lived in the same house, but now the children were growing larger, they thought it best to separate. I said, "How do you manage about household matters?—who sews on the husband's buttons, mends his stockings, and washes and irons for him?" "Oh!" she said, "that is the first wife's privilege; but if she does not care to do it all, why, we are glad to." I said, "What a sweet privilege it is to the one allowed, and I presume you each one try to be the most agreeable, that you may not suffer by comparison?" She replied, smilingly, "Oh! yes, of course we do." She would laugh at my questions, and look so innocent in her faith. I wanted to know if they were courted as we expected to be, and allowed the liberty of refusing an offer of marriage. Her answer was, "Yes. I was courted at the same time by several. Some promised me if I would marry them they never would take another wife, but I knew they never would be anything in the church if they did not; and she man I did marry will be." I remarked, "But now you are the last, and are petted, how will you feel when No. 4 comes? Do you not think you will be made to feel as those did who preceded you?" She looked in my face, saying, "That does make trouble sometimes, for some husbands make so much fuss with a new wife. But our husband is very good, and never shows any favoritism; and we all work, and the other wives are kind to me, waited on me when I was sick, and tried to make me as happy as they are. And you know besides I was born a mormon, and believe the best men have more than one wife." This woman was really happy in her faith; but I also as surely know of great unhappiness. Continued happiness must come through well doing, and this to me is wrong, fearfully wrong.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The World's Work.

Our external lives are not made up of great occasions, and our greatness is not in superhuman and exhaustive effort, but in gradual growth, and this is nourished by little daily acts and sacrifices and efforts which call into exercise every faculty of soul and sense; and the lives which most deserve to be called sublime are those of which the world and history and poetry take little account. The lives of men and women around us are, for the most part, commonplace, and we could not afford to have it otherwise. If all of them were reaching after occasions of rendering themselves sublime, how would the world's work be done? The world's work is tiresome, perplexing, uncongenial; and sometimes, and for some people of necessity, it is very disagreeable and menial service, yet in the spirit in which this work may be conceived and carried forward to the end, there is a sublime purpose and consecration, be the end ever so humble.

☞ Voices of night—Babies.

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER X.

BETTER TO HAVE THE DOUBT LIE.

Still as a statue, her face white and rigid, almost like one that is carved out of stone, sat Mary Arde. There's an old saying, "Desperate causes require desperate remedies"—and a desperate remedy had just been applied to Mary's obstinacy. In the vexation brought to Mrs. Arde by her daughter's second refusal of Captain Clanwaring; in the worse vexation inflicted by the full persuasion that the rejection was caused solely by the young lady's liking for Tom, Mrs. Arde suffered herself to impart some hints to May, which she would have been sorry to do under less exacting circumstances.

It could not be (to go back a few months) but that the gossiping charges laid to the door of Emma Geach, should have penetrated to the ears of Squire Arde's daughter. Not a man, woman or child in the place but heard the comments freely bestowed upon that young person's ill behavior, and May among the rest. But that Miss Emma's doings, good or bad, could by any possibility concern her, or any of her friends or acquaintances, never crossed the mind of Miss Arde. How should it? May—to confess the truth—had always liked Emma Geach; with May the girl was never impudent but pleasant and good-natured; and May had thought her very pretty. So that, when she grew to be talked of, Mary's feeling on the point was intense sorrow; and very little of blame. Indeed, as sensible people remarked, the wonder was, not that the girl had gone wrong now, but that she had kept straight so long, reared amidst the disreputable influences of the Trailing Indian.

Nothing whatever had been heard of Emma Geach since that bleak January morning when she took her abrupt departure by coach from the inn. As the months went on, and she did not make her re-appearance, as expected, people grew tired of looking for her. They regarded her prolonged absence as a kind of slight offered to their curiosity, and resented it. Where was she? What had become of her? Surely she had had time enough, and to spare, to repose herself in her retreat! Who was she with? What was she doing? all the gossips in the parish asked it one of another. But for any answer that ensued, they might as well have put the questions to the moon.

Late in the spring; nay, at the commencement of summer; a kind of solution came. There arose a rumor in the place that Miss Emma Geach's retreat was discovered. It was affirmed that she was in Ireland, paying a friendly visit to Mr. Tom Clanwaring.

This clinching assertion could not at first be traced to any one person in particular. T heard it from Y; Y from X; X from W; and so on; but to get all the way back to A, step by step, seemed impossible. At length it was said that Black at the Trailing Indian was the authority, and that his wife had received a letter from Ireland from Emma Geach. Upon that, all eyes were opened in a most wonderful and convincing manner; and people asked one another how they could have been so obtuse as not to discern that when she went off by the stage coach it must have been because *he* had gone before, and that she probably went straight to Bristol, the horses heads being set that way. High and low, up and down, went this report; to Beechhurst Dene and its grieving master; to Mr. and Mrs. Arde; to the village shopkeepers, to the peasants in the hay-fields.

"The girl in Ireland!—It cannot surely be true!" cried Mrs. Arde, aghast.

"Nay, but it is true; there's no doubt of it," replied Lady Lydia—for she it was who had first carried the news to the Hall. "Jarvis went up to the Trailing Indian, and put the question direct to Black."

A charming dish of well-seasoned hash, all this, to tell May. Or, rather, to hint to her; for Mrs. Arde, respecting her youth and innocence, did not speak out very plainly. And there sat May alone in her chamber after the communication, feeling more dead than alive.

Tom Clanwaring worthless—and so worthless! Tom Clanwaring whose love she had fondly thought was given alone to her, and who had, and knew that he had, her whole heart! Oh, what a simpleton she had been! What a poor, soft deluded simpleton!

On the past Christmas night—barely six months ago, but which seemed to May, looking back, ages and ages—she had been so intensely happy as to wonder whether anything in life could ever look cloudy again; now, sitting there in her miserable chamber, with that most miserable blow weighting down her head, that utter despair her heart, she felt that life, no matter how long it might endure, would never emit for her one ray of brightness.

"Poor child!" exclaimed sympathizing Susan Cole, who divined what the nature of the interview had been as sharply as though she had made a third at it. "It's too bad of missis to a' told you *that*."

May looked up with a start; her frame shivering, her cheeks hectic. She could not have spoken openly of the trouble for all the world; she would have died rather than let it be suspected how it was trying her. But, to this woman, who had nursed her in infancy, scolded and kissed her at will, her heart yearned; yearned for what none could impart—consolation.

"I don't think you know anything about it, Susan," she said, speaking in the lightest tone she could call up. "I don't know what you mean."

"Not know about it! Why, Miss May, every soul in the parish has knowed about it for months past, but you. After keeping it from you so long, I say it might ha' been kept always."

"It can't be true, Susan."

"Miss May, don't you try to go again common sense," reprimanded Susan. "Facts is facts. And, now that you've been made to hear 'em, its o' no use to hope to shut your eyes again 'em. There's nobody i' the whole place as does, but one: that there brother of mine, down at the forge."

A light as of half-hope shone in May's eyes. "Does *he* not believe it, Susan?"

"What, Harry Cole! Not he. If he see Mr. Tom a setting his neighbor's sick afire, Harry Cole 'ud shut his eyes, and only believe in him all the more. He swears by Mr. Tom Clanwaring; he do."

"Do *you* believe in it, Susan?" breathed May, quite hating herself for stooping to put the question. But in great misery, it is something to have even a straw to catch at.

"I should be a soft-sawney, if I didn't," was Susan Cole's answer.

"It is very dreadful," sighed May, with a sob of the breath.

"Oh well, of course it *is*, Miss May," came the only half-acquiescing rejoinder. "But young men *be* young men, all the world over. For the most part you may just trust 'em as far as you can see 'em. I be bound poor Mr. Tom had a rare example set him by Captain Clanwaring in smoking and chaffing and what not," continued Susan, tossing her head. "The one manages to get found out, and the t'other can't manage it: that's the chief difference, I expect, Miss May."

Susan whirled away from the room with as little ceremony as she had used in whirling into it. May sat on with her sorrow.

But, thinking here and thinking there, a reaction took place in her mind. All the deep regard and esteem given to Tom Clanwaring for years could not thus be set aside in an hour's time. May began to remember how unjustly Tom Clanwaring had been traduced, always; and to ask herself what *proof* there was of this new charge; to question whether there could be any.

"Susan," she said, when the maid next entered, "all this may be only a tale. Where's the proof of it?"

"Proof?" returned Susan. "Well, there's only two people in the place can furnish that, Miss May. Black and his wife at the Trailing Indian."

"How I wish I dare ask them!" thought May in her desperation.

For three days and nights May brooded over the question—*might* she ask them? And what at first she began by answering to herself "decidedly not," ended in "I will." During these three days and nights she neither eat nor slept: hope and fear alternated, the latter greatly predominating: and the whole time was one long mental agony.

Perhaps she might never have gone, but for a rather singularly good opportunity of doing so presenting itself. These opportunities are the occasion of half the good and of half the evil that take place in the world. On the third day, in the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Arde went to a dinner-party, a drive of seven miles, leaving May at home alone.

It was one of those lovely summer evenings, when the moon is rising just as the sun sets. Bright, warm, still, the world seeming to be at rest, under its flood of golden light. It had been too hot for walking in the day: May had sat about in garden seats and under trees, nursing that hidden weight that lay on her heart. A wish to go for a walk now arose suddenly; and with it an impulsive thought that it should be to the Trailing Indian.

"I shall go out, Susan," she said in her pretty, imperative way. "Put your things on." Susan Cole obeyed, and they started.

Behold them emerging from the Squire's grounds on the upper road. Miss May in a pretty hat trimmed with a garland of roses and with a green parasol held against the light in the west where the sun had set; Susan Cole in her every-day bonnet, which was just the shape of a big coal scuttle, and made of black silk; and with a spotted cotton kerchief crossed upon her shoulders. May had some dainty white frilled affair on over her summer muslin, and black lace mittens that went to the elbows. The young lady turned to the right on reaching the road.

"*Going that* way!" exclaimed Susan Cole in an accent of surprise mingled with a little tartness. "What on earth for, Miss May?"

"Because I choose to," answered Miss May.

Susan Cole gave a sniff. The way did not please her. She liked to meet sociability and gossip when she went out. To the left, there were houses and cottages and men and women. To the right, the way Miss May had chosen, there was nothing but the solitary road; Sir Dene Clanwaring's park wall bounding it on one side, the landscape beyond Dene Hollow on the other: and not a chance of meeting so much as a wagoner.

"Well, this is a lively way to take," cried Susan disparagingly. "Be you a going to call at the Dene, Miss May?"

"Not if I know it, Susan."

Another sniff or two, particularly crusty, and Susan Cole stopped on, in her tied shoes and white stockings, at the young lady's side. Her cotton gown, a buff-colored sprig upon its light ground, reached nearly to the ankles. By the very way she walked, long strides, and her feet planted firmly on the path, May saw she was in one of what the young lady was wont to call "her tempers." All things considered, May thought it might be as well to conciliate her. If Susan set her face obstinately to the expedition, they might never get there.

"I am going to the Trailing Indian, Susan."

The avowal took Susan aback. Abstractedly she had no objection; for to get a word or two of gossip with Black and his wife was better than getting none. But her mood just then was contrary.

"And what i' the name o' wonder should be a taking of you *there*, Miss May?"

"I'm going to see how poor Mrs. Black is; and," she added partly in her straightforward honesty, partly because Susan would be sure to know the true motive just as well as she did—"I shall ask whether that thing is true that has been said of Mr. Tom Clanwaring."

"And why need you want to know whether it's true or nos?" demanded Susan Cole, provokingly.

"Oh—because I think it is a great shame for people to raise reports behind his back, when he cannot refute them," replied May, her face turning as red as the crimson sunset. "We were children together—and I can't forget it: cousins, you know. That's why."

"You'd a deal better let it alone, Miss May."

May's countenance took a defiant turn.

"You think so, do you! And why, pray, Susan Cole?"

"Black's the only one i' the parish able to confirm the story and say as it's true. Nat'rally *he* must know—as the girl lived at his place. Better stop, i' the doubt, Miss May, nor hear as there's no doubt about it."

But this was just what May did not intend to do. For, in her heart of hearts, she believed that a word of inquiry might prove Tom innocent instead of guilty.

In silence she proceeded up Harebell Lane, shady and gloomy in even the bright summer evening, round by the pond, and on to the inn. Seated on a wooden stool before the close side door, was Black; while Mr. Sam Pound sauntered about the yard with a moody look on his face, and his hands in his pocket, thereby looping upon either side his smock frock. Whether May's courage failed her at seeing Black, when she had hoped to see only his wife; or whether she would not let it be thought she was coming up expressly—certain it was that she went on past the house. Then, turning suddenly, she came across to Black.

"How is your wife?" she asked. For Mrs. Black's chronic state of ill-health was such that people rarely failed to inquire after her. Black, instead of answering—as if he neither heard the question nor saw his visitors—lifted his face towards the upper part of the yard, and shouted out to the young man in the smock frock—

"Hang ye, Sam Pound! Get off, will ye, and fetch that there mare in. What d'ye mean by slouching about there, a doing nothing?"

"Be the mare to come in to-night?" responded Sam Pound. For which apparently dissenting question, his master gave him some abuse; and Sam went off. The mare belonged to a traveller, who had left it for a week to the care of the Trailing Indian.

"What did ye ask—how the missis be?" resumed Black to Miss Arde, at his leisure after this. "Her bain't no great things. Her never be."

"We should like to go in and see her," said the young lady, timidly. "If you please."

"Ye can't then. Her bain't to be seen."

"Where's your manners, Black?" put in Susan Cole, sharply. "Is that the way you answer the Squire's young lady?"

Randy Black took no notice whatever of this. Stooping down he picked up a dirty pipe that lay on the ground beside him, took some tobacco from his pocket, and began filling the bowl. The man looked somewhat better than he did in the winter; but his sallow face had strongly haggard lines upon it. He was seated so immediately before the door, that they could not attempt to go in, unless he moved. Of late the door in front, facing the road, had not been used, it was hardly ever unlocked.

"'Taint o' no good your stopping," he suddenly said, just as Susan Cole was on the point of another explosion. "The missis be abed. I baint a going to let her be disturbed at this time o' evening." And as Black was not a man to be persuaded by any means, but always stuck to what he said, good or bad, May knew that all hope of seeing Mrs. Black was over.

Susan Cole caught the look of depression that took her face.

"Look here, Randy," said Susan, diplomatically coming round to a kind of half-fellow-well-met tone, "as we be here, I may as well have a word with ye about Emma Geach. How was she getting on when you heard from her?"

"'Twarn't me as heered; 'twere the missis," ungraciously returned Randy.

"Well, how was she?"

"Tolerable, I b'lieve. Babby were dead."

"'Twas a sad pity for her, it should have happened, Randy," continued Susan, as if all her best sympathy were in full play for Miss Emma.

Randy gave an ungracious grunt.

"Her made her own bed, and must lie on't."

"And—was her sweetheart really Tom Clanwaring?" asked Susan, dropping her voice to so low a tone that even May scarcely caught it.

The young lady suddenly turned her back, as if she saw something passing in the lane.

"Why, who else should it ha' been?" retorted Randy, lifting his eyes in some surprise at Susan Cole.

"One was slow to believe ill of *him*, you see," she observed, with something like a sigh.

"So one is o'most folks—as have carried white faces—till they be found out," said Randy, pressing down the tobacco with his dirty little finger.

"And—is it true again, that she's with him over in that there place o'boge—Ireland?"

"Where else d'ye suppose she is, Susan Cole?"

"And that she went straight off to him at Bristol when she run away from here?" continued Susan Cole, her own interest in the colloquy getting high.

"I dunno about her going off straight to him," was Black's answer. "Should think her'd not be such a fool as that, for fear o' being tracked. He'd never ha' been such a fool as to let her."

"Any way, she did go to him; then or later."

"In course she did. And I wish 'em joy o' one another's company."

"Are you going to talk all night, Susan!" came the interrupting voice of Miss Arde at this juncture—and no one living had ever heard her speak so sharply. "We must be getting homewards."

"And so we must, Miss May. Well, good-evening, Randy Black. Tell the missis my young lady called in to ask after her. Good-evening to *you*, boy," civilly added Susan, as they turned out of the yard and encountered Sam Pound bringing in the mare.

Back down the lane in the same silence that they had come up it went they. May's face was white, her frame shivering: this confirmation of the worst was to her more bitter than death. In passing the pond, Susan spoke in a half-whisper.

"Miss May, I told you it might be better for you to let doubt alone."

"No, it is best as it is," she resolutely answered, biting her poor lips to get some color into them. "Best that the doubt should be at rest."

"Dingy and gloomy seemed the lane now; not as much as a glimmer of the moon shone through the trees; it was not so gloomy as May's heart. They stepped on side by side.

"Well, I'm sure!—is it you Susan Cole? and you, Miss May! Good evening."

The salutation proceeded from Mary Barber. She stood at the gate of Harebell farm in her white cap and crossed kerchief, that might have been the fellow one to Susan's.

"What be you doing up this way?"

"We've been to fetch a walk—'twasn't possible to go out afore, this sultry day," replied Susan promptly.

"It have been sultry," assented Mary Barber. "I'm a standing here to get a breath of air. The heat's made you look pale, Miss May."

"Has it," carelessly returned May. "How is Fanny Tillett, Mary Barber?"

"She's nicely, Miss May, I'm obleeged to ye. We've got her two cousins a staying here; the Miss Tilletts from the Wych. Nice merry hearted young ladies they be; one of 'em, Miss Eliza, sings like a nightingale."

The dull pain at May's own heart, seemed very bad just then. She envied the Miss Tilletts.

"Fanny's going back to stay with them when they return," continued Mary Barber. The master be—why who's this now a clamping down the lane?"

The "clamping" proved to be from the heavy hob-nailed boots of Mr. Sam Pound. That gentleman was coming along at full speed; his hands swaying, his smock frock flying behind him, his shock of hair waving on his bare head. He made direct for the gate and Mary Barber, touching his hair to Miss Arde, and the company generally.

"D'ye please to let 'em ha' the loan of a candle up there, missis?" asked he, jerking his head towards the Trailing Indian.

"The loan of a candle," repeated Mary Barber. "Be you out o' candles up there, Sam Pound?"

"We be. Our last bit it were a burned out i' the night, and the master, he clean forgot it till just now. He'll get some in to-morrow, he telled me to say, and ye shall have it back again."

Not being particularly interested in the subject of candle borrowing, Miss Arde and Susan said good-night, and walked on. Mary Barber stood on at the gate, the fresh air, gently fanning her face was grateful. Sam looked at her.

"Be you a going to lend us that there candle, please, ma'am?" he asked again in a minute or two; and his voice had a kind of pressing urgency in it.

"I'll fetch it directly. Be you in such a mortal harry, Sam Pound."

"I bain't, but master be," was his answer. "He can't abear to be i' the house wi' out a light a'ter dark."

"Can't he," retorted Mary Barber with composure. "How's the missis?"

Sam Pound looked about before he answered, as if to make sure the hedges would not hear, and dropped his voice to a low key.

"I think the missis be a dying."

"What!" exclaimed the startled Mary Barber.

"I does," he said. "She ha' been right down bad this two days, just a turning about her bed like one as can't keep still. All sorts o' things she've been a calling out—about hearses and di'monds and lace and murders, and a regular hodge-podge on't. When Black found she was talking like that last night, he bundled me down stairs, a saying as she was off her head. Look here!" added the lad, lifting his eyes, full of a kind of fear, to Mary Barber's, "it baint right for her to die up there all by herself, I don't like it. She've been a moaning to-day like anything. I heered it down in the kitchen."

"Has Dr. Friar been fetched to her?" questioned Mary Barber.

"Nobody haven't been fetched to her; Black says the doctor can't do her any good. Fact is," added shrewd Mr. Pound, "Black don't want nobody to hear what her talks of. I say, ye mind hearing talk of a peddler as was lost up here. 'Twere afore my time."

Mary Barber nodded.

"Last night the missis was a calling out about him. 'Oh, don't hurt the peddler! Where be the peddler?—what ha' you done wi' him? Black, he turned the color of a gray horse, and shoved the blanket over her head. But—'taint right for her to lie there all by herself to die, and not a chris'n anigh her. Black, he stomps up a bit now and then, and he've sent me up wi' things to-day, but mostly she be all alone, a moaning like a poor hunted animal."

Mary Barber making no comment, turned to go in doors, leaving Sam where he was. She came back with two candles held between a bit of paper, and her bonnet on.

"You run on down to Dr. Friar, Sam Pound, and ask if he'll be so good as step up to the Trailing Indian, and say I sent ye. I'll take the candles on, myself."

Sam Pound hesitated. He thought the Trailing Indian might not approve of seeing Mr. Friar, and that he himself should have to bear the blame of it.

"Now you just be off," cried Mary Barber. "The sooner you be gone, the sooner you'll be back again. Don't stand staring like a stuck pig, Sam Pound."

This urged, Mr. Pound clattered off on his errand, and Mary Barber made the best of her way to the inn.

It was quite dusk indoors, and moonlight out by the time she entered it. Black, regardless of the heat, had made up a roaring fire in the kitchen, for the sake perhaps of the light, and sat before it in his old wooden arm-chair, fast asleep, seeing him thus, a thought prompted Mary Barber not to wake him; but rather to go up in unmolested quiet to Mrs. Black. An iron candlestick stood on the table, put ready no doubt for the return of Sam Pound. She slipped into it one of the candles she brought, lighted it at the blaze, and stole up stairs.

The sick woman lay on her bed—a low bed in a leanto room—in utter stillness. She was not dead; but that she had not many hours of life left in her, Mary Barber saw. The light of the candle, or perhaps the stir, caused her to open her eyes; she looked quite sane now, whatever she might have been in the hours preceding. Mary Barber knelt down and took the thin crippled hand that lay outside the clothes.

"I'm afraid you be very bad, poor thing," she said in her least hard tone.

"Ay, I have been. Its a'most over.

"I've sent to tell Dr. Friar. He'll be up presently."

"No good, no good," said Mrs. Black, feebly attempting to shake her head. "Black, he'd ha' sent for 'm, had it been o' use. My time's come."

Mary Barber, looking at her countenance, believed it was true—that no doctor could have done her good this time, or prolonged her days. The dying woman resumed.

"Mine has been a weary life, and I be glad to go. I'd like to ha' gone years back, but the Lord, He knows best. I hope he'll remember what I've had to bear here, and give me a little corner in Heaven."

"And so He will; never fear," said Mary Barber heartily. "I'll send for the parson and he shall come to say a prayer for ye."

"I've said it for myself," said the woman closing her eyes. But her feeble fingers held the strong ones gratefully. There was a pause.

"Look here," said Mary Barber, breaking it, her thoughts recurring to that one great—and its surroundings most unsatisfactory—calamity of the past that was never entirely absent from them long together, although so many years had gone by. "Look here. Have ye never a word o' certainty to say to me about the death o' the master?"

Mrs. Black opened her eyes and stared, evidently not understanding. Her perceptions were becoming dim.

"My poor old master, Robert Owen o' the farm. Did ye know at the time anything about his death?"

The meaning was caught now, caught

vividly. Mrs. Black's face assumed a look of terror, and she caught hold with both hands of Mary Barber.

"I've lived in mortal dread o' seeing him," she cried, with a sobbing of the breath. "I've not dared to go out i' th' glooming all them years."

"Ay. But was he murdered?"

"I don't know. Oh, it have been a fearsome life for me—fearing this, fearing t'other, and knowing naught. I'm glad it's ended."

"Who the plague be that a cackling up stairs?" called out Black at this moment, his voice not at all the steady voice of a man at ease.

"It's me, Black," said Mary Barber tartly, going to the head of the staircase. "I've come to see if aught can be done for your wife. Just bring up a dram o' wine, if ye've got it, and some fresh cold water."

Before the astonished Black could find words strong enough to growl out his wrath at this summary invasion of his domestic privacy, Mr. Friar came in. Sam Pound had encountered him turning out of the gates of Beechhurst Dene.

But the surgeon could not prolong the life of Black's wife. Her poor worn spirit crushed by care and fear, flitted away as the summer's morn was dawning.

CHAPTER XI.

SEEN THROUGH THE VENETIAN BLIND.

Continual dropping will wear away a stone. During the whole of the summer months, poor May Arde, her heart dragging along always its heavy weight in silence, was subjected to a species of amiable persecution, the chief agents in which were her mother and Lady Lydia Clanwaring. The praises of Captain Clanwaring were being ever said or sung; the disreputable conduct of the scapegrace Tom reiterated. Not openly reiterated: that might have defeated its ends: just a hint of this thing and a hint of that, something or other ever looming out to his discredit. Mr. Arde was not quite so active an ally. But it was hardly right of him to let his daughter tacitly think there could be no doubt of Tom's catalogue of crimes, the stealing of the money amidst the rest. Mr. Arde believed quite enough against Tom without letting her remain in the assurance that Tom was guilty of much that he, the Squire, knew he was not. Self-interest makes some of us wink at deceit enacted in its cause; as it did Mr. Arde: and he was on the brink of incurring a life-long penalty as his reward.

May fought against the influence as long as she could; and then she yielded to her fate. At least, yielded to it so far as conditionally to accept Jarvis Clanwaring and promising to be his wife. The Captain was ever near her; but so kind, so gentle, so unobtrusive in his claims and attentions, that she felt ashamed even tacitly to show that she could not reward his love. A saint himself might of late have believed in Captain Clanwaring. Mr. and Mrs. Arde sang his praises every meal time. May's own feelings prompted her to take the Captain in spite of her repugnance to him. She was but a woman; and she longed for a bit of revenge on Tom: who had been so disgracefully false to her in secret, and who allowed young persons to pay visits to him in Ireland. It was but in accordance with human nature that she should pant to show the false deceiver she cared for somebody else, as well as he did; and show him, she would, whatever the cost, to herself.

It was in September that she accepted Captain Clanwaring. The promise she gave was full of hesitation, her manner provokingly listless. "As good Jarvis Clanwaring as any other, if marriage it must be," the refrain of despair kept beating in her heart. The Captain, all tender kindness and impulsive gratitude, ventured to press for an immediate union. But here May rebelled: absolutely refusing not only to fix a speedy epoch, but to give an idea of when any such epoch might be fixed.

Now nothing on earth could have been more untoward for the Captain; nothing have caused him greater inconvenience than this. The proceeds of his commission had kept him afloat for a short while; but during these summer months he had not known what to do for money. The back claims that he had been unable to pay pressed more heavily upon him day by day; and in this September month, the month that witnessed May's promise, his condition had grown desperate. Many an anxious hour did he and his mother spend together, plotting to see what could be done. Once let an exposé come, and the probability was that May would seize upon it as a plea for retracting her word, and the Squire uphold her. Lady Lydia was his only confidant: and she but a partial one. Jarvis gave her no details; and did not tell her the worst of his embarrassments. My lady had been at her wits' end many a time before, contriving how to do the best for him in his troubles; but never so completely as now, when the glorious prospect of the marriage with the heiress had become a certainty, and by hook or crook must be allowed to go on to completion. To get money out of a flint stone would have been as likely a result as the attempting to get any now or hereafter, from Sir Dene. Nevertheless, get it must be, even though the means used were desperate. Desperate causes (the reader must pardon us for repeating a proverb quoted before) require desperate remedies.

The bright sunshine of September lay on the London streets, as a lumbering hackney coach passed on its slow way from a fashionable hotel at the west end towards Lincoln's Inn. It drew up before a door in Old Square, and Captain Clanwaring stepped out of it. His black moustache was charmingly curled; his whiskers shone; his appearance was altogether that of a stylish buck of the day.

Flinging his fare to the old coachman—who had a heavy greatcoat on with about fifteen capes to it, in defiance of the weather's heat—the Captain began to toil to the topmost chambers of the house. He anathematised the way a little as he went up, and struck his cane round once or twice angrily. Arrived at the last flight, a door faced him, bearing a barrister's name on its panels—"Mr. Otto Clanwaring."

Otto Clanwaring worked just as much during the vacation as he did in term time. Jarvis, going straight in without the ceremony of knocking, found him with a law parchment of some kind spread out before him on the table, and his head bent over it between his hands. Seated sideways to the door, and supposing it was only his clerk who had come in, Otto did not look round.

"What a deuced long way it is, up these stairs, Otto! It's my belief you've got another flight added on since I was here last.

Up went Otto's head with a start.

"Why, Jarvis!"

Laughing a little in his surprise, the barrister rose and held out his hand to his brother. Jarvis resigned to it the tips of his fingers encased in their delicate straw-colored kid. The contrast between the brothers was remarkable. The one tall, handsome, elegant, attired in all the height of the fashion; the other, little and plain, his clothes of homely gray, and somewhat shabby.

"How hot you feel up here!" remarked Jarvis, sinking, languidly, into a chair on the other side the table.

"Rooms up in the roof are always hottest," replied Otto.

"And highest. Why don't you move down lower?"

"This suits my pocket best, Jarvis. When did you come to town?"

"Night mail," shortly answered Jarvis.

"All well at the Dene?"

"Passably," yawned Jarvis. "Old man gets more crotchety than ever. Shuts himself up in his chambers for days at a time. Lets no body go in at all hardly, but Gander."

Otto, who had resumed his seat, bent his head on his work again. That Jarvis never condescended to trouble his chambers unless for some purpose of his own, was a long-ago proved fact; and Otto knew he had only to be still to hear it. He would not inquire; not at all approving of these missions of Jarvis. The probability was that he had come now to try and borrow money, or to badger him to accept a bill. In the latter, Jarvis had never succeeded yet. The barrister was too cautious.

Leaning a little forward on his chair, and lightly tapping the table with his cane, sat the captain. Either he had nothing to say, and had actually come from the west end merely to while away an idle moment, or else he was taking a long while to say it. Tapping here, tapping there, he happened to tap a letter lying amidst the other letters, and the tap flirted it upwards and turned it over. The direction was uppermost then, and caught the eyes of Jarvis, somewhat awakening them from their lazy indifference.

"That's Tom Clanwaring's writing, Otto!"

Otto quietly lifted his face.

"That? Yes. I got the letter this morning."

Jarvis curled his lips.

"I wonder you suffer *him* to correspond with you."

"He is welcome to correspond with me if he likes. That's the first letter, however, that I have had from him."

Jarvis wished to know what the letter was about, but did not ask. His brother had a civil way of declining to give information, if it suited him not to give it. The next moment Otto spoke quite readily.

"Tom writes to ask me if I will tell him how things are going on in his old home. He says he can get no news whatever. Nobody writes to him."

"What does it concern him, how things are going on?" growled Jarvis.

"I suppose he possesses common remembrances and affections," returned Otto, pushing up the cuff of his gray coat. "The way Tom was treated among us all that time, was an infernal shame."

"*You* didn't do much towards the treatment, at any rate," returned Jarvis. "Given you your way, and you'd have just shut your eyes to everything, and kept the fellow where he was."

"Of course I would. And I've not forgiven myself yet for having been the means of letting out that time about the Trailing Indian. No, and not forgiven some of the rest of you either, for taking it up in the manner you did. 'Twas a cowardly shame."

"Perhaps you'd like to say it ought to have been hushed up? That the fellow should have been let off scot free?"

"One man may walk into the house while another mayn't look over the hedge," remarked Otto. "Had you or I been found out in a bit of a scrape, Jarvis, nothing would have been said. Not that *I* have anything to do with such scrapes, thank goodness."

Which almost sounded as if Jarvis had. The latter answered sharply.

"He had been the bane of the house long enough. 'Twas time he went out of it."

"Well, I see no reason for his being sent to Coventry now, in the way you all seem to be sending him. Just an answer to his letters once in a way, telling him how Sir Dene is, would not hurt any of you."

Captain Clanwaring threw back his head and waved his scented handkerchief, as if to wave off anything so low as Tom Clanwaring, that might come between the wind and his nobility.

"I'd not condescend to write to the goat if he were dying. One would think you might employ your leisure better, Otto."

"It's not the first time my leisure will have been taken up in doing work neglected by others," quietly replied Otto.

"Just as you please, of course," was the rejoinder of Jarvis, scornfully delivered, as if the subject were altogether beneath him.

A silence ensued. The captain leaned back in his chair, softly whistling. Otto turned over a leaf of his parchment, and made a pencil mark on its margin. Presently he spoke again.

"Has that Emma Geach come back, Jarvis?"

"I've not heard of it."

"I wonder where she is."

"Don't know. There was a report in the summer that she was in Ireland."

"Oh," said Otto. And went on with his reading again.

"How is it you've not been down at all this year?" asked Jarvis, tapping his boot.

"I have had a good bit of work one way or another—and thought I could not do better than stick to it. Holidays run away both with time and money. I can't well afford either yet. Talking of money, Jarvis—has that thief been discovered yet?"

"What thief?"

"You know. He who stole the bag out of Sir Dene's secretaire on New Year's day. You were going to follow up some suspicion upon the point. Did you?"

"No. At least I did what I could—but it was not enough. Nothing has come to light."

"And nothing will, until Black confesses," observed Otto. "He was the thief. If I were down there and Sir Dene would let me have the handling of it, I'd risk my reputation on bringing it home to the man in a week."

Jarvis pushed his dark face forward, and looked hard at his brother. The indifference on his countenance had given place to what seemed quite like alarmed interest.

"*Don't meddle with it, Otto.* You might do incalculable harm. At least, the harm of condemning the thing to remain forever in its present obscurity. It was not Black. It was no more Black, than it was you or me."

"Have you still an interest in warding suspicion off Black?" questioned Otto.

"I. Why what interest did I ever have in doing that?" retorted Jarvis, as if he had forgotten so much of the past.

"That tobacco debt of yours."

"Oh—that! Ay, I remember. That has been settled long ago. And a fresh score run up," added Jarvis, slightly laughing. "See here, Otto," he continued, seriously. "I have a private reason of my own for wishing the facts connected with that matter to be brought to light. In my own mind, I am as sure who it was as though I had seen the money taken. Give me time, and I'll track it home to the right one yet."

"Can't you tell me who it was?"

"No. And if I did it would not particularly interest you."

"Black's wife is dead, I hear."

"Went off two or three months ago," carelessly rejoined Jarvis. "I don't think Black will last very long. He seems to be on nearly his last legs."

"And how are the Arde Hall people?" continued Otto, privately wishing his brother would betake himself away and leave him to his work. "How's May?"

"They are all right. May is engaged to me."

"No?" exclaimed Otto, darting a quick glance at the captain.

"She is. Why need you be so surprised?"

"Because, to tell you the truth, I thought she'd never consent to have you," said Otto, candidly. He did not add the other thought though, that lay in his mind—"She only cared for Tom Clanwaring."

"Much indebted for your good opinion," derisively spoke Jarvis. "She has consented; and so you were wrong, you see. As for me, I'm glad the matter's not at rest. I have been dangling after her long enough."

"I congratulate you, Jarvis. May Arde is the sweetest girl I know."

"Thank you. Yes, the prospect is not bad," complacently continued the captain. "Ten thousand pounds settled on her; ten thousand pounds to be handed over to me on the wedding day. And all the rest of the property, including the Hall, when the old people fall in."

"A widely different prospect from mine—who have to work hard for my bread and cheese; probably will have to the end," returned Otto with good natured cheerfulness. "You were born, I take it, under a luckier star than I, Varges."

Varges slightly nodded his head, and took another look at his handsome boots. In his opinion there could not be a more unlucky star than one that entailed work of any sort. They were interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Come in," called out the barrister.

A little bald-headed gentleman dressed in black with a broad plaited frill standing out from the bosom of his shirt, and a heavy bunch of handsome seals hanging, answered the mandate.

"Oh—I'm glad to find you in, Mr. Clanwaring," he said, standing with the door in his hand. "Don't disturb yourself. The sergeant is obliged to forestal the hour fixed for the consultation, and name an earlier one. Four o'clock, instead of six. Will it suit you?"

Otto considered. At four o'clock that afternoon, he had intended to proceed elsewhere on business. It was, however, no appointment, and he could take another time for it.

"I suppose it must suit me, Mr. Lake," he said aloud. "Yes. I'll be over at the sergeant's chambers at four."

"That's all then, Mr. Clanwaring. Four o'clock, precisely, please. I've been to the other two. Good-morning."

"That was the great Sergeant Herndale's chief clerk," observed Otto to his brother. "Lake is the cleverest little man in Lincoln's Inn. Three parts of those written opinions of the sergeant's, so renowned for their depth and wisdom, are his. It's said he gets twelve hundred a year salary."

Silence set in again. Captain Clanwaring was sunk in a brown study; the barrister went on with his parchment. A glint of hot sunshine took a corner of the window and threw its rays on the table almost like a burning glass.

"I am in an awful mess, Otto."

The announcement sounded so strange after the former declaration of glowing prospects, and perhaps so unexpected, that Otto looked across as if he hardly believed his ears.

"Debts again?"

Jarvis nodded. "Nearly done to death with 'em."

"That's what he has come about, is it?" thought Otto. "I can't help you, Jarvis," he said aloud, forestalling any request of the sort. "It's as much as I can do to get along and pay my own way."

"Nobody asked you to," retorted Jarvis. "I believe I shall be able to help myself."

Otto silently wondered how.

"Do you know anything of a man named Pale?"

"Pale, the money lender? Yes, I know him."

"Had transactions with him yourself, perhaps?" went on Jarvis.

"Never. Not in the way you mean. Why do you ask about him?"

"I want you to tell me if you can, whether, or not, he is a man whose discretion may be depended on. Is he one who would keep a client's counsel?—or would he go blabbing of business to other people?"

"I should think his discretion might be entirely depended on. It is the impression he gives me. I don't know much of him."

"Might be trusted then, you think?"

"Yes I do."

Jarvis lifted his cane on the table again, and stirred about some papers that lay in the glint of sunlight. His manner was very absent.

"What's his precise line of business, this Pale's?"

"Lending money."

"Of course. But what upon? Post obits?—and promissory notes?—and—"

"Upon anything," interrupted Otto. "It's all fish that comes to Pale's net."

"Just what I have heard. Has heaps of property in his hands. Plate and diamonds, and things of that kind."

"I daresay. Sure to have."

"Exacts hard terms, no doubt."

"They all do that. I don't suppose Pale's worse than others. For what he is, they say he is tolerably fair dealing."

"Where does he live, this man?"

"His rooms are in Pall Mall."

"Got a heap of clerks there?" questioned Jarvis, his face assuming a moody look, as if it did not please him that Mr. Pale should have a heap of clerks. "Eh?"

"Got some, I suppose. I have never been there."

"Why, I understood you to imply that you had done business with him!" exclaimed Jarvis, lifting his eyes.

"My business with him had nothing to do with money-lending. It was of so strictly private a nature that I preferred to find him out at his own residence rather than go to his public rooms."

Jarvis paused a moment. "Where is his private residence?"

"In Goodman's Fields."

"Where the deuce is 'Goodman's Fields?'"

"East end way. Towards Whitechapel."

"Oh," said Jarvis.

"Are you going to get money from him, Jarvis?"

"Well be—" another pause. "He has been recommended to me as a man likely to lend some. I think I shall try him."

"I can tell you exactly where his house is, if you wish to go there. Are you going to borrow money from him, Jarvis?"

"I'm going to try to."

"He'll want first-rate security. I warn you of that."

"As if the fraternity didn't all want that—and be hanged to them!" growled Jarvis.

"Shall you be able to give it?"

"I shall give him a bill at three months, backed by a good name," replied Jarvis after stopping to consider whether he should answer the question or not. "An undeniably good name; safe as the Bank of England."

"And how do you propose to take up the bill at the three months' end?"

"With some of the money that will come to me on my marriage. The knot will have been tied before that."

Otto Clanwaring laid down his pencil and looked at his brother. Every feeling of justice within him felt outraged.

"Jarvis—it is of course your business; not mine. But I would suffer any trouble rather than so foredoom May Arde's money. 'Twill do desecration."

"She'll never know it. You needn't preach. I should not do it but for being compelled."

"Suppose the marriage should never come off?"

Jarvis turned blue with anger at the supposition. "Suppose you can never rest!" said he wrathfully. "Keep your croaking for yourself, Otto. And, here—tell me how I am to ferret out this house of Pale's. If I don't find him in Pall Mall, I may go there."

Otto wrote down the directions, his brother standing beside him to look on. "And you think he may be trusted to keep dark?" repeated Jarvis, as he took the paper.

"Certainly I do. Most money lenders may be trusted for that. It is their interest to be silent," added Otto. And the captain departed without the ceremony of saying good-morning.

"Curious that he should harp so upon secrecy when secrecy's the rule," thought the barrister as the other went down. "He must have some especial urgent motive for wishing it. I should like to know whose that other name is. Curious too, that I should be going to pay Mr. Pale a visit myself to-day or to-morrow."

But that he was so reticent by nature, and perhaps also that he could not hold his brother in any favor, Otto might have mentioned the latter fact. He was engaged in the friendly office (not as a barrister) of striving to establish the innocence of a young man upon whom a suspicion of forgery rested. Mr. Pale could materially aid him if he would: but to get him to do so was difficult. It was altogether a matter of great delicacy.

The day went on. At four o'clock, Otto Clanwaring attended the chambers of Mr. Sergeant Herndale. The consultation therein lasted until six, after which Otto took his dinner—consisting of two lamb chops and potatoes, supplied by his laundress. To save cost, he lived in his chambers. Then he indulged himself in his pipe, sitting at the open window in the twilight while he smoked it; and glancing, while he thought, at the redness left in the sky after the setting of the sun.

With his methodical habits, his industry, and his anxiety to make use of every minute of his time, the barrister's evenings were generally appropriated beforehand to some work or other. This evening was an exception; the changing of the consultation hour had put things out of their regular groove. When his pipe was smoked, Otto sat on, feeling himself entirely at liberty for the evening, and something like a fish out of water.

"Why should I not go down to Pale's now?" he suddenly exclaimed. "I will. He's nearly sure to be at home, and it will save time to-morrow."

Going down stairs and out of the square, he got into the line of the principal streets, preferring their cheerful route to that of more obscure ones. A good many people were abroad that genial evening; but London was strolling out for a breath of air. Some of them jostled Otto as he passed; he bore steadily on, and jostled in his turn. Half-way down Cheapside, there was a stoppage on the pavement, caused by a crowd gathered round a man who had fallen down in a fit, or pretended fit. Otto was elbowing his way through it, just as a girl was elbowing hers the other way. They met face to face in the broad glare of a silversmith's shop. It was Emma Geach.

"Whence have you sprung?—from over the seas?" he asked; the little of information given him by Jarvis that day as to her being in Ireland, flashing into his mind.

"From over the seas or out of the earth," she answered in her customary light and free manner. "How are all the folks in your country, Mr. Clanwaring?"

"What have you been doing with yourself, and where have you been hiding all this while?" returned Otto, passing over her joking question for what it was worth.

"I've been in a trance," said the girl saucily. "Just come out on't."

"Do you know that your old home has had a loss?" continued Otto, determined to ask no more questions, and get chaffing answers. "Black's wife is dead, poor thing."

"Yes, I know it," replied the girl, her face and voice both passing into sadness. "I should ha' liked to see her again. But she's better off."

"When are you going back to the Trailing Indian?"

"That's amid the doubtfuls, sir. Maybe sometime, maybe never. I get a bit o' news o' the old place once in a way; but I don't get much. It have been told me that Sir Dene's breaking up fast."

"I fear he is."

"How be the Ardes?" she asked suddenly.

"Oh, they are all well. Miss May's thinking about getting married."

"Is she!" was the remark, evidently given in surprise. "And who be it to, sir? Young Squire Scrope."

"Can't tell," shortly returned Otto, for it was by no means his wish to talk of family matters to this damsel; indeed, the remark about May had slipped from him unintentionally as it were. "Are you living in London?"

"I be lodging in it just now. And there's my landlady waiting for me, and looking cats and dogs at this hindrance," she added, "for we be in a hurry to get home. Her son met with a accident down at the docks to-day, and she asked me to go along with her to see him."

Otto Clanwaring turned at the words, and saw a decent woman standing a few paces off. Before he could turn his head back, Miss Geach had slipped away and joined her. They passed up Cheapside together, the girl flinging a nod and a good-by back to Otto in her freedom. He went on his way, his mind full of the encounter.

"I suppose she has been in Ireland and come back from it," ran his thoughts. "She's looking well, wherever she may have been."

Pursuing his route on foot, by the time he got to his destination, which lay in the neighborhood of Mansell street, he felt somewhat *fagged*, and devoutly hoped Mr. Pale would be at home, so as not to have had the walk for nothing. The money lender's house was little to look at outwardly; it made the side of a small paved court; the court was no thoroughfare; and nobody had any basis in it, unless it was with Mr. Pale's homestead. In fact, it was altogether as private a place as might be found in the heart of London. The door, level with the pavement, was in the middle of the dwelling; a parlor window on either side of it.

"Oh come, I think he is at home," said Otto Clanwaring, seeing a strong light shining behind the white blind of the first window, as he turned up the court. For Mr. Pale was a bachelor, and the family consisted of himself alone.

Now, perhaps for the reason that the court was considered safe from passers-by who might look in; or that through some careless inadvertence of the attending servant, the white roller blind had not been drawn down to its full extent. Venetian blinds ran across the bottom of the window; and the white blind left about three or four inches of their space uncovered. The staves happened to be turned straightwise, so that the room was exposed."

Otto Clanwaring halted, and glanced in. Not from any intention of slyly spying—whatever might be the failings of his family in this respect, he was too honest for it—but simply to assure himself that the money lender was at home. Yes. There sat Mr. Pale; his gray hair close to a shining and brilliant lamp. At the same round-table sat another man, to whom Otto's eyes naturally turned. It was Captain Clanwaring.

It is to be feared that Mr. Otto Clanwaring burst out with a most unorthodox word. Very far indeed was it from his purpose to interfere in any way with his brother's affairs; he would rather keep aloof from them; and he certainly had not cast so much as a thought to the possibility that Jarvis might choose this night for a visit to Mr. Pale. After all, Otto felt that he might have taken his walk for nothing.

"If I thought his business was likely to be soon over, I'd wait about in some back street and come again after he's gone," soliloquized Otto. "It wouldn't do to let him see me; he'd jump to the conclusion that I had come down to spy upon him; Jarvis was always suspicious. Wonder if he'll be long?"

Still with no idea of spying, only to gather a hint, if might be, whether the interview was, or was not, coming to an end, Otto looked in again. They were seated facing each other at the table, sideways to the window and very near it, for the room was small. It almost seemed as if Otto made a third at the meeting, so close and plain was everything.

He gave a sudden start. A sort of simple, disbelieving astonishment in the first place. Mr. Pale, lifting something to the lamp's rays and gently moving it, a great flood of dazzling light flashed forth. Otto recognized the family diamond case with Sir Dene's arms upon it, and the family diamonds.

Only astonishment at first. It was succeeded by a sensation of dismay, bringing pain and shame. Too surely he drew the right conclusion—Jarvis was raising money on these, the Clanwaring diamonds.

Valuable diamonds. Worth at the least some two or three thousand pounds. They had not seen the light since the death of Sir Dene's wife so many years before. They went with the title, and would lapse to young Dene when he should come into it.

"Has he *stolen* them?" wondered Otto bitterly, wiping his face from the moisture which shame had brought out there. But no; only for a moment did he think so ill as that; good sense led him to what was in fact the truth—Lady Lydia had lent them to him for his temporary need. But she must have done it without the cognizance of Sir Dene; so it was not much better than stealing, after all. Otto felt that he would rather have had his arm cut off than see this.

The impulse crossed him to go in, denounce Jarvis for a villain, and secure the jewels from desecration. Only for an instant. He saw how impolitic and impracticable such a course would be; how much worse it would make it all. No. There was nothing for him but to be silent; to be a tacit party to the transaction, and to hug his shame.

He continued looking. He saw no meanness in that now. Mr. Pale clasped up the case again—Otto heard the sharp click where he stood—put it inside a small bureau, and brought some bank notes from the same receptacle. Not many; three or four, then he wrote out a check; and handed both check and notes to Jarvis. What the amount in the whole was Otto could not see—and he resented it. The next thing, Jarvis wrote something, which Mr. Pale took possession of. This seemed to complete the transaction; Captain Clanwaring rose, and was coming quickly forth.

The barrister glided out of the court, and bolted into the dark passage of a friendly shop that was putting up its shutters. It was a blow that had struck home to the family pride of Otto Clanwaring.

(TO BE CONTINUED.

☞ KIND WORDS.—As the breath of the dew to the tender plant, they gently fall upon the drooping heart, refreshing its withered tendrils and soothing its burning woes. Bright oases they are in life's great desert. Who can estimate the pangs they have alleviated, or the good works they have accomplished?

What has Walter Scott Done for Scotland?

What is the service that Scott has rendered to the world? What has he done for the land in which he happened to be born? He discovered Scotland, or that part of Scotland, at least, which is most visited, and which is present to the minds of most tourists when they speak of the country beyond the Tweed. Scott discovered the Trossachs, Loch Lomond, the Highlands, and the kilted clans, in precisely the same fashion as Columbus discovered America. Down south, it is true, there were vague traditions of a savage region lying beyond the Scotland of kirks and towns, and that region had even been visited by adventurous travellers, such as Captain Burt, just as America had been visited by Norse sailors centuries before Columbus was born. But "the eye sees only what it brings the power of seeing;" and Captain Burt did not see the Highlands which are painted in the pages of Scott, and into which any of us can dart after a fourteen hours' run from King's Cross. He saw only big, ugly, misshapen mountains, great masses of dirty heather, misery and picturesque squalor. The beautiful curves of Ben Cruachan, the silver sheen of Loch Awe, the wooded inlands that seem to float on Loch Lomond, the gloomy grandeur of Glencoe, the beauty of the river-like lakes that pierce the great Caledonian valley and join sea to sea, had no existence to the early English traveller. They were all discovered by Walter Scott. He sang about Roderick Dhu, and Fitzjames, and Helen, and straightway thousands rushed to the Trossachs, to discover for the first time that Ioch and land were beautiful. In like manner he discovered the Highlanders. Before his time, no doubt, it was well known that such people did exist; for the ugly affair of Glencoe had brought them unpleasantly into prominence; while the prowess of Montrose, Dundee, and Prince Charlie, the battles of Invellochy, Killiecrankie, and Preston Pans, had proclaimed, with disagreeable emphasis, that the bare-legged and tartaned savages could fight. But the men discovered by England were a set of scoundrels, cut-throats, and thieves, who could not speak a Christian language, who still practised the rites of paganry, and were shrewdly suspected of a design to restore the practice of cannibalism, as well as the House of Stuart. The Highlanders discovered by Scott were a totally different race. They were as brave as Coeur-de-Lion, and as chivalrous as Saladin. They were the best custodians of that beautiful chivalry which sentenced men to disgrace if gentleness and courtesy to women did not accompany manly prowess. They kept alight the lamp of that loyalty which could remain steadfast to an historic family whom an ungrateful nation had presumed to drive into exile for exercising its kingly right to do what it liked with its own word of honor and its subjects' liberties and lives. They afforded the last home to that feudalism which bound the people to the lord of the soil by the tie of common affection, instead of by "the *nexus* of cash payments." And, most important fact of all, their bravery, their courtesy, and chivalry, were set off by the most picturesque style of dress in Europe. Such were the Highlanders discovered by Walter Scott, and now ever present to the fancy of Englishmen. Whether the reality was more like the picture drawn by the imagination of the novelist, or that painted by the rude prejudices of our English forefathers, is a minor question on which it were unprofitable to dilate. The supreme fact is, that the Highlands and the Highlanders known to all the world were discovered by the man who wrote the "Lady of the Lake" and "Waverley." It is possible that the land which produced Adam Smith as well as Walter Scott may still contain political economists, and that those sneering ruffians may ask, What is the good of the discovery? The answer can be stated in pounds, shillings, and pence. Scott's brain has been more valuable to his country than a mine of gold. Every autumn he draws from north, south, east, and west, a crowd of men laden with curiosity and money bags, who offer tribute to King Scott whenever they pay the superb hotel bills which form a distinctive feature of the country. Scott's brain supports half the hotels of Scotland; and it pays at least half the taxes. "The Heart of Midlothian" and "The Lady of the Lake" are worth a reduction of fourpence in the income-tax: the "Waverley Novels" are as good to Scotland as a yearly grant of half a million from the Imperial Exchequer. What Ireland lacks is not "repeal," or a Republic, but a Walter Scott. An Irish "Lady of the Lake" would drain the Bog of Allen; an Irish "Waverley" would be as valuable as a bed of coal; and an Irish Walter Scott would abolish the wrongs of Ireland by the scribbling of his quill. The real wrong of Ireland is that Scott is Scotch.

But Scott, we repeat, is more than Scotch; he is English, French, German, American—anything. He was one of those great intellectual forces who throw into the world of thought and daily life a crowd of new characters as real as the men and women whom we meet in the market-place, and symbolical for all time of the thoughts, feelings, passions, emotions by which men are swayed. The mass of people are not moved by the abstractions of pure thought. They do not care for the philosophical systems of the closet. They follow with but languid interest the fine-drawn systems of a Bacon or a Hobbes, an Adam Smith or a Mill. In literature, as in common life, their interest centres in persons. Just as a lady who is making a morning call will break away from the ethical considerations that must govern the treatment of Alsace and Lorraine, and will plunge into a discussion on the foibles of her neighbors, so the mass of people feel an interest only in the books which set before them men and women. It is the poets and the novelists who produce the literature on which the reading world feeds. Homer, Dante, Cervantes, Shakspeare, represent the teachers who win the ear of mankind. They teach by parable, and therefore they never lack an audience. In that august hierarchy of creative genius Scott finds a foremost place. To him belonged that power of strong conception and simple representation which are the distinctive notes of the dramatic work that is done for all time. His genius has no provincialism, no localizing accent, none of the mannerism which stamps the art that represents a particular era; it is simple, natural, like life itself; it is intelligible to the meanest understanding, as well as fascinating to the highest. Jeanie Deans, Caleb Balderstone, the Antiquary, Cuddie Headrigg, and Balfour of Burley may all speak with a Scotch accent, but they express feelings common to all peoples and all generations. Therefore it is that Scott is more than Scotch, and that the festival of his century must not be degraded by the spirit of provincialism which remembers, before all things, the place that gave him birth and the land that he has illuminated by the splendor of his genius.

Plain Short Sermon.

A lady refused to be introduced to a gentleman last week at Congress Hall, Saratoga, and no amount of urging could induce her to change her mind.

"What are your reasons for not wanting an introduction?" urged a friend.

"Because he dyes his moustache," replied the lady; "and I never knew a thorough gentleman to do that."

The lady was very near the truth. A dyed moustache is a foul thing—as foul as a cigar in the mouth of a Venus.

About dyeing the hair black, I will also say a word. Light hair makes the eyes look brilliant by contrast. So, by-and-by, when the eye becomes dimmed by age, God paints the hair white, and the dimness of the eye is unperceived. Look at a man or woman with dyed hair! The eye is as dead as that of a sleeping ox. And still those silly people think they are deceiving somebody—think that they are making themselves look younger, when in fact everybody with a particle of sense discounts their foolish attempt at deception. Powdering the hair gives the eyes an unnatural brilliancy, hence, it is frequently resorted to in Court circles in Europe. But as a general thing, young gentlemen and old! don't try to improve on divinity. God knows best what to do—and when He silvers your hair with white, or paints your moustache with auburn, He has a purpose as grand as Himself. Here is something, I heard Mr. Seward say once (you know the ex-Premier is the homeliest man, except Gen. Sherman, in America,) well, old comely-handsome Secretary Seward said—"the cleanest man is the most comely to look upon; so bathe well, eat well, and love well, and somehow or other, the homeliest will be beautiful." Now, it has struck me a thousand times that Mr. Seward, who looks always so neat and sweet, is really a handsome man! The cleanest man is the best man—I mean morally and physically too! How many young ladies—and how I beg their pardons for saying it—look beautiful at a distance, but when you come closer to them they have a soiled look. The hair will look greasy. Now, there is no more excuse for putting grease on your hair than there is for putting it on your hands. You people, I say, who grease your hair are just as barbarous as the Comanche Indian who greases his face! A gentleman will never fall in love with a soiled woman. She must be sweet. Have you never, so-called in polite society, seen a lady who was perfectly charming in her manners, and who was dressed with the most scrupulous neatness, and yet you could not help noticing that her hair was greasy? Have you not seen her shrink from the touch of her own hair, as if it were a thing of disgust? Have you not seen her, when she thought herself unobserved, take her handkerchief and rub her hair, as if to remove the grease

WIT AND HUMOR.

An Original Obituary Notice.

The editor of the Colorado Herald had occasion to leave town for two or three days, and he committed his paper, during his absence, to the charge of a young man, a novice in journalism, whom he had just engaged as his assistant. Before leaving, he instructed the ambitious young editor not to permit any chance to go unimproved to force the paper and the very small size of the subscription price upon the attention of the public.

"Always keep before your mind the fact that the object of this paper is to extend its circulation," he said; "and whenever you see a chance to insert a puff of the Herald in any notice you make, pile it on as thick as you can. Keep the people stirred up all the time, you understand, so that they will believe the Herald is the greatest sheet in this United States."

The parting tear was shed, and the editor left. The following night, while he was far away from home, his wife died very suddenly. Upon the assistant devolved the duty of announcing the sad intelligence to the public. He did it as follows:—

"'GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.'

"We are compelled, this morning, to perform a duty which is peculiarly painful to the able assistant editor, who has been engaged on this paper at an enormous expense, in accordance with our determination to make the Herald a first-class journal. Last night death suddenly and unexpectedly snatched away from her domestic hearth (the best are advertised under the head of Stoves and Furnaces, upon our first page), Mrs. Agatha P. Burns, wife of Rufus P. Burns, the gentlemanly editor of the Herald. Terms, three dollars a year, invariably in advance. A kind mother, and an exemplary wife. Office, over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. 'We shall miss thee, mother, we shall miss thee.' Job printing solicited. Funeral at half-past four, from the house just across the street from the Herald office. Gone to be an angel now. Advertisements inserted for ten cents a square."

Well, the editor arrived home that day at noon. Slowly and sadly he was observed to arm himself with a double-barreled fowling-piece, into which he inserted about two pounds and a half of bullets. He marched over to the office, followed by an immense crowd. The assistant editor at that moment was busy in painting a big placard, to be tacked on the hearse. It bore the legend: "Buy your coffins of Simms, over the Herald office." The assistant editor cast his eye around, and perceived his chief. Care sat upon that wan cheek, and founder clothed his brow. He levelled his gun. The assistant did not wait. With one wild and awful yell, he jumped from the second-story window, and struck out for the golden shores of the Pacific. It is believed he swam over to China. But the Herald has only one editor now, and the clerk has standing orders to blow out the brains of any man who brings obituary notices to that paper.

An Old Story Made New.

The plea of Mr. Whittemore, urged so disastrously to his client by Gen. Butler, that the ostler money all went to the poor, has revived the story of the miller who sometimes had crazy fits, in which he always imagined himself to be the Lord judging the world.

On these occasions he would put on a paper crown, ascend a pile of meal bags with great dignity, and call his neighbors in succession. The same ones always judged, and these were the millers in his vicinity.

The first summoned was Hans Schmidt.

"Hans Schmidt, stand up!"

"Hans, vat ish peen your plishness in dat oder vorild?"

"I was a miller, O Lort."

"Vas you a joost man?"

"Vell, ven de vater vas low and de plishness ish pat, O Lort, sometimes I makes a little extra doles."

"Vell, Hans, you shall go over mit de goats already yet."

And so in succession all were tried and immediately sentenced to go over to the goats.

Last of all, the miller inevitably tried himself in the following style:

"Yacob, vat ish peen your plishness in de other vorild?"

"I was a miller, O Lort."

"Vas you always a joost man, Yacob?"

"Vell, O Lort, ven de vater was a leetle low, and plishness vas pad, I sometimes dake a little extra doles; but, O Lort, I all de vile give dose extra doles to the poor."

After a long pause, "Vell, Jacob Miller, you can go ofer mit ter sheep—but it was a *dam tight squeeze*."

In the Surf.

A good joke happened to a rich Philadelphian the other day. He prides himself somewhat on his shape and other recommendations to female notice. He donned his suit and stalked gallantly into the surf, intending to shew people how it is done. He had not been there long, however, before his keen eyes espied a charming girl struggling all alone in the breakers, and, with the gallantry that distinguishes him, he essayed to learn her to swim. She very thankfully accepted the kind offer, and the result was that quite a flirtation ensued. Quoth our Philadelphia friend: "Are you staying at the Stockton, Miss—" "Murphy,' with a sly glance upward. "Miss Murphy—ah! You are stopping at the—" "Stockton; yes, sir." "Ah! Are your parents with you?" "No, sir." "Your brother, possibly?" "No, sir." "Ah, I have it; you are here with your friends?" "No, sir," a very perceptible smile breaking over her countenance. "Excuse my seeming impertinence, Miss Murphy, but I am extremely anxious to know in what capacity you are here." "*I am in the bakehouse, sir.*"—*Cape May Correspondence.*

THE CLOVEN HOOF.—During the voluntary controversy, Dr. John Ritchie, of the Potter-Row Church, Edinburgh, was one of the foremost champions on the Voluntary side. At a public meeting held in Dundee, the reverend gentleman was descanting on the misrepresentations to which his opponents had subjected him. "They have," he said, "called me everything but a gentleman—everything but a minister; nay, they have compared me to the devil himself. Now," he proceeded, coming forward to the front of the platform, and exhibiting a well-shaped limb, "I ask if you see any cloven foot there?" "Tak aff ye're shae" (shoe), vociferated a youth from the gallery. The oratory was spoiled.

STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL.

ROMANTIC AMELIA (wedded to young Doctor Celadon).—"Look, Celadon—such a beautiful sunset! The sky is all crimson!"

UNROMANTIC CELADON.—"Ya-as—appears to have had a mustard plaster on!"

LOVE'S MIRACLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Come sit beside me while the gloom
Of twilight wraps the silent room;
Come, let me tell you what I dreamed:
So real and so true it seemed,
That waking, I could scarce believe
That dreams so truly could deceive.

I dreamed that I was dead. The gloom
Of death was in the shadowy room;
Pale lilies on my pulseless breast
Breathed faint perfumes that told of rest;
Long curtains shut away the light,
And all was like some peaceful night.

I heard your step: though death had set
Its seal upon my pulses, yet
My heart throbbed swiftly as I heard
Your footfalls, and my heart-strings stirred
As when some memory runs across
Our souls of half-forgotten loss.

You came and called me by my name,
And kissed me on my lips: the flame
Of life sprang up again, and I
Shook off death's lethargy, and by
The magic of love's miracle
Dissolved its strange and subtle spell.
Oh! darling, though the grasses grew
Above me, I would answer you.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

The Cross.

The researches of two eminent scholars of the Seventeenth Century, Salmasius and Lipsius, have put it beyond a doubt that the cross consisted of a strong upright post, not much taller than a man of lofty stature, which was sharpened at the lower end, by which it was fixed into the ground, having a short bar or stake projecting from its middle, and a longer transverse beam firmly joined to the upright post near the top. The condemned person was made to carry his cross to the place of execution, after having been first whipped; he was then stripped of his clothing, and offered a cup of medicated wine to impart firmness or alleviate pain. He was then made to sit astride the middle bar, and his limbs, having been bound with cords, the legs to the upright beam, the arms to the transverse, were finally secured by driving large iron spikes through the hands and feet. The cross was then fixed in its proper position, and the sufferer was left to die, not so much from pain (as is generally supposed) as from exhaustion, or heat, or cold or hunger, or wild beasts, unless (as was usually the case) his sufferings were put an end to by burning, stoning, suffocation, breaking the bones, or piercing the vital organs. If left alone, he generally survived two days or three—and there are cases recorded where the sufferer lingered till the fifth day before dying.

This fact (of the sufferer being seated) will account for the long duration of the punishment: the wounds in the hands and feet did not lacerate any large vessel, and were nearly closed by the nails which produced them.

Little Things.

The preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than by B. F. Taylor in the following:—

"Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts are the fullest, and little farms are the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews. Everybody calls that little which he loves best on earth.

A CELEBRATED dandy was ordered by his physicians to follow a course of sea bathing at Dieppe. Arrived at that delightful bathing town, he ordered a machine and attendant, and went boldly into the water. He plunged in bravely, but in an instant after came up puffing and blowing.

"Francois," said he, "the sea smells detestably; it will poison me. Throw a little eau de Cologne into the water, or I shall be suffocated."

"WHAT is your business?" said the magistrate at a police court the other morning to a prisoner.

"I'm an observationist, your worship."

"An observationist! What is that?"

"One who looks around in the daytime to see what he can steal at night, if it pleases your worship."

It did not please his worship, and so he sent the observationist to the penitentiary for sixty days.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RUBIE (Paris, O.) writes: "I will avail myself of the opportunity, which your Correspondents column gives, to ask you a question. What is your opinion of young ladies fitting themselves for earning their own livelihood? Do you think *rich* as well as *poor* girls should fit themselves for the active duties of life, in case they should be thrown on their own resources? I had a conversation lately with a person who seemed to think labor was very well for *poor* girls, but degrading for rich ones. What is *your* opinion of persons with such principles?" Our opinion is that such persons need only to live longer and gain more experience of the world to induce them to change their opinions. It has long been considered wisdom in rich men to teach their *sons* some useful employment, and the same rule should apply in the case of *daughters*. Rich *s* have wings, you know, and the future is proverbially uncertain. What degradation there may be in labor must act alike upon poor and upon rich girls, the only difference being that there is a greater change of condition in the latter case. Change of condition, however, is not necessarily degradation, though your friend seems to consider it so.

SCHOOL GIRL (Paris, O.) writes: "I am a constant reader of your valuable paper, and I am so glad you have a 'Correspondents' column.' I want to ask you a few questions, and I hope you will be kind enough to answer. I am 15 years old, and very fond of reading *novels*. My parents are very much opposed to the same. Now, what is your opinion? Do you think it is injurious?—if so, in what way? What would you advise me to read?" Your parents are, no doubt, correct in their opposition to your novel reading. A school girl of 15 has quite a sufficient literary employment in attending to her lessons, without distracting her mind from this important duty by the seductive pages of novels. Many young persons become so infatuated with novel reading as to quite forget that life has its duties, giving themselves false views of life, and injuring their mental powers, by their incessant devotion to this source of entertainment. We think a moderate amount of well-written fiction an important aid in forming the mind, but object to intemperance in anything. One or two good newspapers should give you all the necessary relaxation from your studies, and if you desire other reading, there are countless works of travel, history and science, which you will find both entertaining and useful as aids in the completion of your education.

SCRIBO (Newberry Co., S. C.) writes: "I am glad that you answer correspondents. I have a question to ask of you. It is this. There was a young friend of mine to see me to day, who is engaged to a young lady, and he thinks that he has to get a certificate from some officer of the law; for instance, the Clerk of the Court. I told him no, to go and marry and ask no man. That he was 21, and was free. What I want to know is, did I do wrong or right?" We do not know what the law of South Carolina requires—or if it requires the obtaining of any certificate. The laws of the New England states, and, we believe, of some of the Western and Southern states, do—in order that the clergyman or magistrate may know officially that the parties are of legal age, or, not being so, have the consent of their parents or guardians, &c. In Massachusetts, we believe, the certificate has to be procured from the Town Clerk three weeks in advance of the marriage. And in all the states it would probably be better if at least that length of public notice were insisted upon. It would often operate as a bar to the operations of bigamists and other adventurers.

MABEL (Keposha) asks: "1st. Will you publish my articles, and in your 'Answers to Correspondents' tell me when? 2d. Is it polite, when you are playing Croquet with your guests, to dispute about an inning? 3d. Is my handwriting good for a girl of 13?" 1st. We would have to see your articles before answering, but consider it very improbable that a girl of 13 should have the experience and ability necessary to please our readers. 2d. It is not polite to dispute with your guests whether playing Croquet, or in any other case. 3d. Your handwriting is good considering your age.

MISSOURITE (New York) says: "I have been very much interested in your Answers to Correspondents. I will venture to ask a few questions. Is it impolite in a lady to ask a gentleman in when he goes home with her from a party about 9 o'clock? And is there any cause for a gentleman to get offended if said gentleman has been out riding and the lady does not ask him to come again?" It is perfectly correct to invite a gentleman in at the hour mentioned. Many ladies think it imperative to give this invitation at much later hours, even if its acceptance would be inconvenient to them. In your second question, you do not state whether the gentleman was riding alone, or with the lady. There are cases in which a gentleman might properly feel offended at the lack of an invitation to call again, and other cases in which such an invitation might not seem advisable. You must judge to which class yours belongs.

PAULO (Cleaveland, N. C.,) writes: "Having for some time been a reader of your valuable paper I appreciate it very highly, and think its value increased by the introduction of 'Answers to Correspondents.' Will be glad to have you answer the following: 1st. Is it proper for a young gentleman to assist a young lady in entering carriages, ascending steps, &c., by catching hold of her arms? 2d. Would you consider it good taste for a young man to propose exchanging photographs with a young lady with whom he has but a slight acquaintance? 3d. In ascending and descending stairs which should precede, the lady or the gentleman? 4th. In walking on the sidewalk should the gentleman always walk next to the street, even if he has to give the lady his right arm?" 1st. If not a familiar acquaintance he should not do so, unless requested by the lady, or in case she should be in danger of falling. 2d. No. 3d. The gentleman in ascending, the lady in descending. 4th. It is not necessary that the gentleman should always give the lady his left arm. Nor is it required that he should always walk next the street. We answered this question last week.

INQUIRER (Ohio) asks: "Is there a possibility of a stranger obtaining a situation as book-keeper, or corresponding clerk in your city; and do you consider my penmanship sufficiently good to be accepted in either capacity?" There is a possibility, though you would probably find it difficult to obtain a situation. There are numerous competent book-keepers, possessed of a city reference, constantly on the lookout for such positions, and you would have to contend against their influence. We do not think you would meet with any objection on the score of penmanship.

M. W. (Venango, Pa.) writes: "Noticing your kind answers to correspondents, I venture to crave your favor to answer the following question at an early date. I am taking three weekly and one monthly papers, but never receive one regularly, until the P. O. clerk (the P. M. being seldom in the office) and all his relations have read them, and three times out of four they are soiled and torn. I have remonstrated with him, but to no purpose. Has he the right to detain them until it suits him to deliver them? If not, what would you advise me to do in the matter?" He certainly has no right to open your mail matter, or to detain it beyond the time necessary to prepare the mail for delivery. You had better write to the Postmaster General at Washington, and inform him of the circumstance. If the offence should be repeated, continue your complaints until it is remedied. It probably soon will be.

J. T. H. (Indiana,) asks: "Will you please inform me, through your excellent paper, of a few of the leading books on Farming?" Among the numerous good works on farming we may mention "Liebig's Modern Agriculture," "Ten Acres Enough," a work which has attracted considerable attention, and "Rodgers' scientific Agriculture."

EGO GAS (Enterprise, S. C.) writes: "Will you be kind enough, Mr. Post, to tell me something about the degree of 'Master of Arts.' 1st. Has the University, conferring such degree, to possess certain peculiar qualifications? And what are they? 2d. What University in the United States was the first to confer this degree, and upon whom?" In England only the Universities confer degrees, the College being merely an adjunct to the University. In the United States there is no fixed distinction between Colleges and Universities, and all give degrees. The only qualification required, is that it shall be a regularly chartered and endowed institution. There is no fixed line of distinction, in comparative number of Professorships and range of studies, between the College and the High School. Harvard College was probably the first to confer this degree, but we do not know upon whom. By writing to the President of Harvard, you can, doubtless, obtain this information.

A CONSTANT READER (Chillicothe, Mo.,) asks: "Can you inform me what class of criminals are sent to the Dry Tortugas, and where a list of the names of those there could be obtained?" During the war a number of soldiers, condemned for various offences, were sent there. Afterwards Dr. Mudd and others of the conspirators alleged to be concerned in the murder of President Lincoln, were confined there. By writing to the Secretary of War at Washington you can probably obtain the desired information.

Y. V. A. (Philada.) writes: "Please inform me through your paper what is planted to raise the Cocoanut; whether the entire nut in its natural state, or as we receive it in the North, devoid of its hull; or whether a slip of the tree is used?" The tree plants the nut in its natural state, but then the tree does not always know what is best. The husk is given it for other purposes than that of assisting growth, which would be aided by its removal. Probably to take off the shell would also be a benefit, as it is said to be in the case of the Peach. There are three scars at the end of the shell. The one of these that can be pierced by a pin is the place of emergence of the young plant. But do not imagine that you can grow Cocoanut trees in our climate. It forms a tree from 60 to 100 feet high, growing principally on sandy soil near the sea, entirely tropical in its tastes, and therefore entirely unsuited for outdoor or indoor culture in our climate.

M. V. B (Pike Co., Indiana,) asks: "Will you please inform me of some good law book, one that contains deeds, mortgages, contracts, wills, &c? Also, please inform me of a good book on breeding and rearing of stock, and one on grape culture?" The "Book of Forms," by J. D. Dunlap, or "Conveyancing, Contracts, and Legal Proceedings," by B. V. and A. Abbott, will probably answer your purpose. "The Stock Raiser's Manual," by W. Youatt, or "Cattle," by Youatt and Martin, are good works on the second subject mentioned. For Grape Culture there are numerous good works, as "The Culture of the Native Grape," by Husmen; "The Grape Vine," by Frederick Mohr, a translated German work; and "Woodward's Graperies," for information as to buildings, &c.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Frog in the Horse's Foot.

The frog in the horse's foot is evidently designed for very important uses. If we carefully observe the form and size of the frog in the foot of the colt, from four years old at first shoeing, and then note the changes which it undergoes, as the shoeing is repeated, we shall soon be convinced that a visible departure from a state of health and nature is taking place. At first it will be found large and full, with considerable elasticity, oval in form, at the heels fully developed, plump and rounded. By degrees the fulness and elasticity will be observed to have diminished, its oval form will disappear and it will dwindle into a narrow crack, presenting only the miserable remains of a frog. The question is, Why is this so? I believe that most of the mischief is the unnecessary evil of paring. The smith, in paring the foot, comes to the frog and takes a slice from each side of it, for it presents an even, smooth, clean-looking surface when cut through, that to resist the temptation is more than falls to the share of most smiths.

The reasons for not paring the frog are, first, the frog has naturally less power of producing horn than any other part of the foot it immediately checks the growth of the frog and prevents the expansion of the hoof exposing the membrane which secrets the horn to undue pressure. The layer of horn that covers the frog is thinner in substance and more delicate than that of any other part of the foot; and when once destroyed is very imperfectly and sparingly reproduced. As a general rule I would say, let the frog alone.

Perhaps about one in a thousand may form an exception, where a large, loose-textured frog may require a little paring once or twice a year. The frog is provided within itself with two very efficient modes of throwing off any superfluous horn it may be troubled with.

The first and most common is the separation from its surface of small, bran-like scales, which, becoming dry, fall off. The other is upon a larger scale, called casting the frog. A thick layer of frog separates itself in a body and comes off to the usual depth of paring.

But it is worthy of remark that there is a very important difference between the two operations. Nature never removes the covering until she has provided another beneath, and there still remains a perfect frog covered with horn, and in every way fitted to sustain exposure; while the knife, on the contrary, removes the horny covering, but is unable to substitute any other in its stead. My advice would be to let the frog alone.—*Western Rural.*

THE Arkansas horse-flies are said to be masters of the situation. The farmers are obliged to plough by night, while the flies are resting from the labors of the day.

BRAINS VS. MUSCLE.—It is not muscle that produces the crop which carries off the top price in market, but brains. It is care, attention, with brains, that are required—more head work than hand work.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 18, 23, 5, 8, 2, is a boy's name.
My 11, 10, 16, 4, is the name of a flower.
My 7, 9, 12, is a part of the body.
My 21, 22, is a preposition.
My 14, 6, 16, is a verb in the past tense.
My 10, 17, 18, 22, is the name of a river.
My 3, 10, 22, 10, is a time of day.
My 20, 10, is a verb in the imperative mood.
My 1, 23, 15, 21, is the name of an insect.
My whole is the name of a great general.

MABEL GRAY.

Word Square.

A useful article.
Ancient name.
A color.
Prophets.
An animal.

Philadelphia. LITTLE CHARLEY.

Word Square.

My 1st is placed on the table for the use of my 5th.
My 2d is a lady's name.
My 3d is to examine accounts.
My 4th is placed on my first for the use of my fifth.
My 5th is a consumer.

Natchez, Miss. W. A. M.

Probability Problem.

From a full cask of wine containing 30 gallons, a quantity is taken out at random in a vessel whose capacity is 10 gallons, and then the cask is filled up with water. After 5 such operations, what is the probability that more than 3 gallons of wine remains in the cask?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are free sittings in church very immoral? Ans.—Because you are then made good—for nothing.

☞ What do ladies look for when they go to church? Ans.—The hims (hymns!)

[Especially the Sams—this is another new version of the Psalms—a version which we know ladies as a rule treat with anything but a-version.]

☞ Why should the Speaker of the House wear spectacles? Ans.—Because so many attempts are made to "catch his eye."

☞ Why is Mr. Disraeli always greeted with the sight of his last novel in the House of Commons? Ans.—Because he can not take his seat without seeing Lowe there ("Lothair.")

☞ What is the difference between an egg-shell and a physician? Ans.—One is M'T, and the other is M.D.

☞ When is a member of Congress like a dying sinner? Ans.—When he dreads approaching dissolution.

☞ What drink is suitable for gardeners? Ans.—Shrub.

☞ Which is the most appropriate drink for fops? Ans.—Spruce.

☞ Why *are* ladies so wicked? Ans.—Because they not only bone their stays, and steel their petticoats, but they positively rib their babies?

☞ When may a man's coat-pocket be empty, and yet have something in it? Ans.—When it has a hole in it.

☞ Why, asks a disconsolate widow, is venison like my late and never sufficiently-to-be-lamented husband? Ans.—Because—oh dear! oh dear!—it's the dear departed!

☞ What is the difference between a rhododendron and a cold apple-dumpling? (Perfectly obvious, and yet nobody ever guesses it.) Ans.—Why, of course, the one is a rhododendron, and the other is a cold apple dumpling.

☞ Why can no clergyman have a wooden leg? Ans.—Because, although a chaplain may be a plain chap, a parson can't be a lame un (layman.)

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—

"Why let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play,
For some must watch, while some must sleep—
So runs the world away."
—*Hamlet, Act III., scene II.*

WORD SQUARE—

M A P
A P E
P E T

RIDDLE—Score, core, ore.

RECEIPTS.

PICKLED PLUMS.—Last summer plums were very plentiful in our neighborhood, and of course a large quantity were bottled and pickled. A lady from Geneva, N. Y., gave me a recipe for pickling blue plums, which she thought a good one. I tried it, and we all pronounced it excellent. To 7 pounds of plums allow 3 pounds of brown sugar, and a quart of good vinegar. Boil the sugar and vinegar together with an ounce of cloves and nearly as much cinnamon, and pour it boiling hot over the fruit, which, of course, has been picked over and all stems and partly decayed fruit removed. Cover the jar and let it stand 24 hours, or over night. Pour off the juice, boil up again, and pour it boiling hot over them. Do this again on the next day, and close for winter use. They ought to keep perfectly, but if they do not, the juice should be drained from them, boiled up again, and poured hot over the plums.

PLUMS, TO BOTTLE.—Weigh the fruit, and allow a half pound of sugar to a pound of plums; less than this quantity for very ripe and sweet Green Gage varieties. Put the sugar in the kettle and moisten it well with water. Let it come to a syrup, boiling and skimming if brown sugar (which is the kind I use;) now add the right proportion of plums. Let them come to a boil, and then bottle. I like them whole, with the juice clear; and to insure this, I let them stand on the back of the stove until they are heated through, and the juice running before I bring them to a boil. I think it is a shame to make a strong jam of good, handsome blue plums; whole, they are of a delightful purple color—the *jam* is brown and ugly. I have seen a method in your paper where the plums are put in jars, covered closely, and allowed to remain over night in a warm oven. It is a very good way.